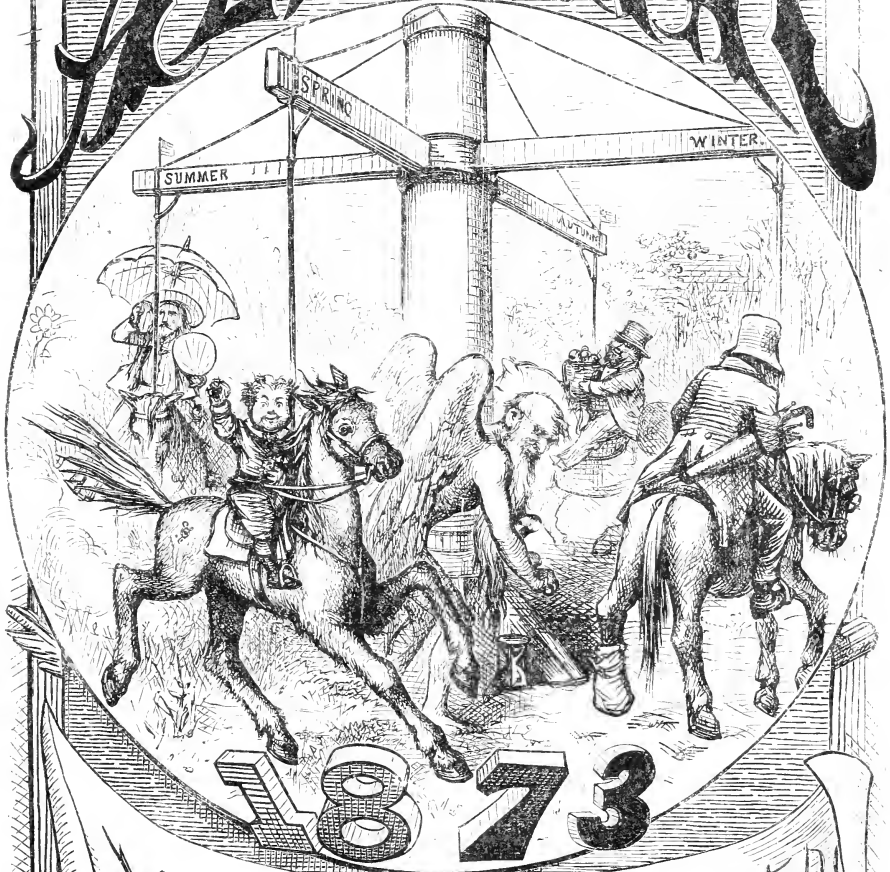


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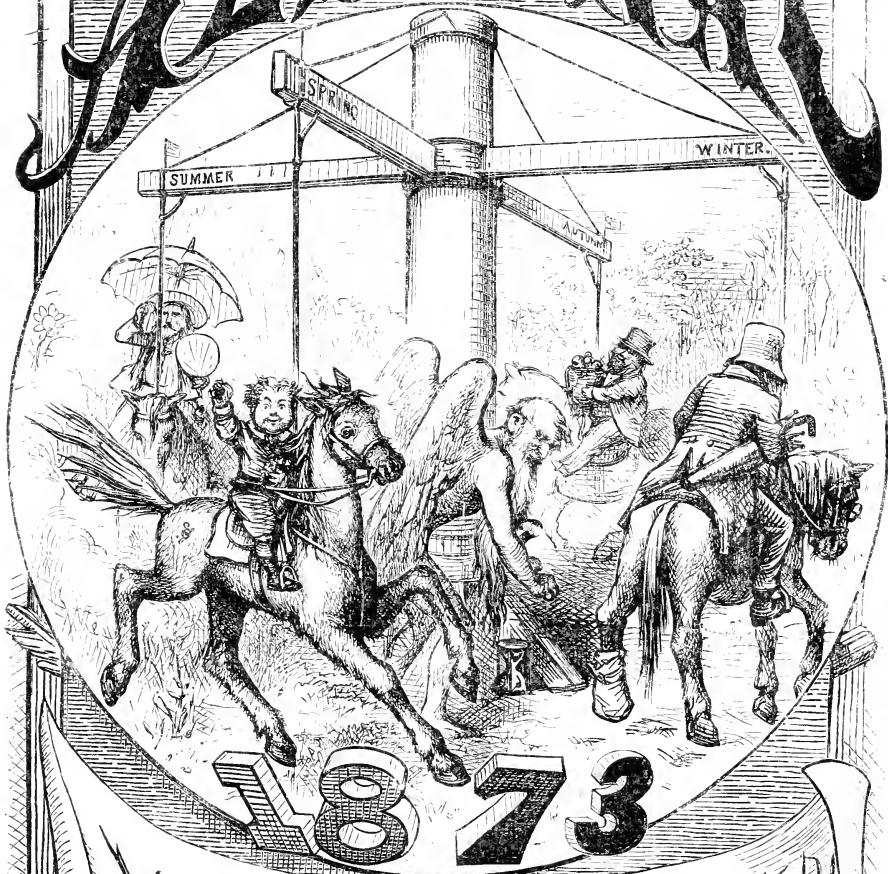
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OLD FATHER TIME MOWING BY STEAM.

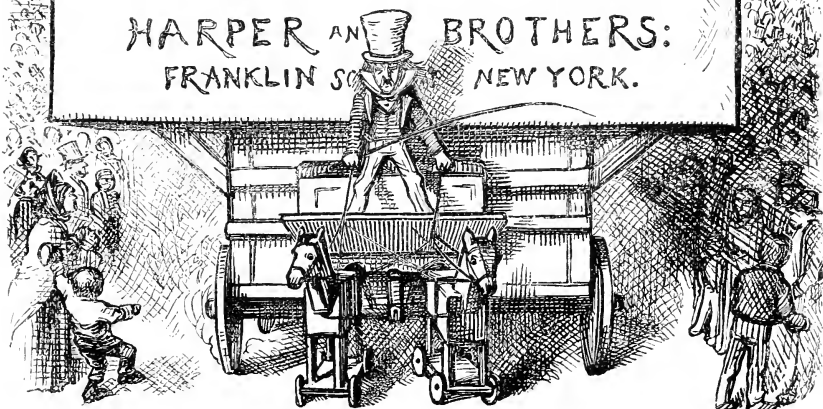

Th. Nast's
ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC
1 8 FOR 7 3.


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HARPER AND BROTHERS:
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



ALMANAC FOR 1873.

MADE IN CLOCK-TIME BY SAMUEL H. WRIGHT, A.M., M.D., PENN YAN,
YATES COUNTY, N. Y.

Eclipses for 1873.

There will be four Eclipses this year, two of the Sun and two of the Moon.

I. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, May 12th, in the morning; visible west of Chicago, and, as a Partial Eclipse, east of Chicago to Boston.

Places.	Begins.	Total.
Boston.....	4 46 mo.	Moon sets partly Eclipsed.
New York....	4 34 mo.	
Washington..	4 22 mo.	
Charleston..	4 10 mo.	
Buffalo.....	4 15 mo.	
Detroit.....	3 53 mo.	
Chicago.....	3 40 mo.	4 45 mo.
St. Louis....	3 29 mo.	4 34 mo.
New Orleans	3 30 mo.	4 35 mo.

II. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, May 26th; the Sun rising partially eclipsed in Maine, New Hampshire, and Northern Vermont.

III. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, Nov. 4th; visible in California and Oregon.

IV. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, Nov. 19th; invisible.

Morning Stars.

VENUS after May 5th.
MARS until January 17th.
JUPITER after September 4th.
SATURN from January 13th to April 22d.

Evening Stars.

VENUS until May 5th.
MARS after June 17th.
JUPITER until September 4th.
SATURN until January 13th, and after September 22d.

Planets Brightest.

MERCURY, January 8th, May 6th, September 12th, rising before the Sun; also March 15th, July 13th, and November 7th, setting then after the Sun. VENUS, March 29th and June 10th. MARS, April 27th. JUPITER, February 14th; and SATURN, July 21st.

The Four Seasons.

	D.	H.	M.	D.	H.	M.
WINTER begins 1872, Dec.	21,	6	45 mo., and lasts	39	0	59
SPRING " 1873, March	20,	7	44 mo., "	92	20	33
SUMMER " 1873, June	21,	4	17 mo., "	93	14	10
AUTUMN " 1873, Sept.	22,	6	27 ev., "	39	17	57
WINTER " 1873, Dec.	21,	0	24 ev. Tropical year,	365	5	39

Cycles.

Dominical Letter.....	E.	Julian Period.....	6586.
Epact.....	1.	Good Friday.....	April 11th.
Solar Cycle.....	6.	Easter Sunday.....	April 13th.
Golden Number.....	12.		





1st Month. JANUARY, 1873. 31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHICAGO.		ST LOUIS.			
FIRST QUARTER.....	5	H. 4	M. 43	E. 31	H. 4	M. 31	E. 19	H. 3	M. 37	E. 26	H. 3	M. 26	E. 26
FULL MOON.....	13	11	39	M. 11	27	M. 11	15	M. 10	33	M. 10	22	M. 10	22
LAST QUARTER.....	21	3	47	E. 3	35	E. 3	23	E. 2	41	E. 2	30	E. 2	30
NEW MOON.....	28	0	43	E. 0	31	E. 0	19	E. 11	37	M. 11	26	M. 11	26

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.						New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.			
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Boston.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Mo., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.
1	Wednesday	2 39	∞ 20	7 30	4 39	7 38	1 2	7 25	4 44	7 42	10 38	7 19	4 49	7 46	
2	Thursday	3 36	∞ 19	7 30	4 40	8 56	1 55	7 25	4 45	8 59	11 28	7 19	4 50	9 2	
3	Friday	4 29	∞ 19	7 30	4 41	10 12	2 46	7 25	4 46	10 14	MORN.	7 19	4 51	10 11	
4	Saturday	5 18	∞ 3	7 30	4 42	11 25	3 35	7 25	4 47	11 25	21	7 19	4 52	11 25	

1) Second Sunday after Christmas. ♀ in ∞ Day's length at New York, 9h. 23m.

5 Sunday	6 5	∞ 17	7 30	4 43	MORN.	4 26	7 25	4 48	MORN.	1 13	7 19	4 52	MORN.	
6 Monday	6 51	∞ 0	7 29	4 44	34	5 19	7 25	4 49	33	2 4	7 19	4 53	32	
7 Tuesday	7 37	∞ 14	7 29	4 44	1 43	6 14	7 25	4 49	1 41	3 1	7 19	4 54	1 39	
8 Wednesday	8 25	∞ 26	7 29	4 45	2 49	7 10	7 24	4 50	2 45	3 55	7 19	4 55	2 42	
9 Thursday	9 15	∞ 9	7 29	4 46	3 56	8 8	7 24	4 51	3 51	4 52	7 19	4 56	3 47	
10 Friday	10 5	∞ 8	21	7 29	4 47	4 58	9 3	7 24	4 52	4 53	5 48	7 19	4 57	4 47
11 Saturday	10 57	∞ 3	7 29	4 48	6 1	9 54	7 24	4 53	5 55	6 40	7 19	4 58	5 49	

2) First Sunday after Epiphany. ♂ in ∞ Day's length at New York, 9h. 31m.

12 Sunday	11 49	∞ 15	7 28	4 50	RISES.	10 44	7 23	4 54	RISES.	7 28	7 18	4 59	RISES.
13 Monday	MORN.	∞ 27	7 28	4 51	4 46	11 29	7 23	4 55	4 52	8 12	7 18	5 0	4 58
14 Tuesday	39	∞ 9	7 28	4 52	5 46	EV. 10	7 23	4 56	5 51	8 57	7 18	5 1	5 57
15 Wednesday	1 27	∞ 21	7 27	4 53	6 47	51	7 22	4 57	6 51	9 37	7 18	5 2	6 56
16 Thursday	2 13	∞ 3	7 27	4 54	7 47	1 31	7 22	4 59	7 51	10 16	7 17	5 3	7 54
17 Friday	2 56	∞ 15	7 26	4 55	8 47	2 9	7 21	5 0	8 49	10 51	7 17	5 5	8 51
18 Saturday	3 37	∞ 27	7 26	4 56	9 47	2 45	7 21	5 1	9 48	11 29	7 16	5 6	9 49

3) Second Sunday after Epiphany. ♀ in ∞ Day's length at New York, 9h. 41m.

19 Sunday	4 18	∞ 9	7 25	4 58	10 48	3 25	7 21	5 2	10 48	EV. 10	7 16	5 7	10 48
20 Monday	4 58	∞ 21	7 24	4 59	11 50	4 4	7 20	5 3	11 49	51	7 15	5 8	11 47
21 Tuesday	5 40	∞ 4	7 24	5 0	MORN.	4 51	7 19	5 4	MORN.	1 37	7 15	5 9	MORN.
22 Wednesday	6 25	∞ 17	7 23	5 1	56	5 44	7 18	5 5	54	2 29	7 14	5 10	51
23 Thursday	7 13	∞ 0	7 22	5 3	2 4	6 41	7 17	5 7	2 0	3 27	7 14	5 11	1 57
24 Friday	8 7	∞ 14	7 22	5 4	3 17	7 46	7 17	5 8	3 12	4 31	7 13	5 12	3 7
25 Saturday	9 5	∞ 28	7 21	5 5	4 20	8 52	7 16	5 9	4 14	5 37	7 12	5 13	4 8

4) Third Sunday after Epiphany. ♀ in ♄ Day's length at New York, 9h. 54m.

26 Sunday	10 9	♄ 13	7 20	5 6	5 41	9 58	7 16	5 10	5 35	6 43	7 12	5 15	5 28
27 Monday	11 14	♄ 28	7 19	5 8	6 45	10 59	7 15	5 11	6 39	7 42	7 11	5 16	6 32
28 Tuesday	EV. 19	∞ 13	7 18	5 9	SETS.	11 55	7 14	5 13	SETS.	8 38	7 10	5 17	SETS.
29 Wednesday	1 20	∞ 28	7 17	5 10	6 29	MORN.	7 13	5 14	6 33	9 32	7 9	5 18	6 37
30 Thursday	2 16	∞ 14	7 16	5 12	7 50	46	7 12	5 15	7 52	10 34	7 8	5 19	7 54
31 Friday	3 9	∞ 28	7 15	5 13	9 7	1 34	7 12	5 16	9 8	11 3	7 8	5 20	9 9



PISCES.

2d Month. FEBRUARY, 1873. 28 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHICAGO.		ST. LOUIS.	
FIRST QUARTER.....	4	H. M.	M.	H. M.	M.	H. M.	M.	H. M.	M.	H. M.	M.
FULL MOON.....	12	5 22	6 49	5 10	6 37	4 58	6 25	4 16	5 43	4 5	5 32
LAST QUARTER.....	20	6 39	6 39	6 27	6 27	6 15	5 33	5 33	5 23	5 22	5 22
NEW MOON.....	26	10 38	E.	10 26	E.	10 14	E.	9 32	E.	9 21	E.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.			
				Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Boston.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	
1	Saturday	3 58	♋ 13	7 14	5 14	10 17	2 21	7 11	5 18	10 16	11 50	7 7	5 21	10 16	

5) Fourth Sunday after Epiphany. ♀ in ♋ Day's length at New York, 10h. 9m.

2	Sunday	4 46	♋ 27	7 13	5 15	11 31	3 5	7 10	5 19	11 30	MORN.	7 6	5 23	11 27
3	Monday	5 34	♀ 10	7 12	5 16	MORN.	3 52	7 9	5 20	MORN.	3 8	7 5	5 24	MORN.
4	Tuesday	6 22	♀ 23	7 11	5 18	40	4 44	7 7	5 21	37	1 30	7 4	5 25	34
5	Wednesday	7 11	♌ 9	7 10	5 19	1 48	5 40	7 6	5 22	1 44	2 26	7 3	5 26	1 39
6	Thursday	8 2	♌ 18	7 9	5 21	2 52	6 38	7 5	5 23	2 47	3 25	7 2	5 27	2 42
7	Friday	8 53	♌ 0	7 8	5 22	3 55	7 40	7 4	5 25	3 49	4 25	7 1	5 28	3 43
8	Saturday	9 45	♌ 12	7 6	5 23	4 54	8 39	7 3	5 26	4 48	5 24	7 0	5 29	4 41

6) Septuagesima Sunday. ♂ in ♌ Day's length at New York, 10h. 25m.

9	Sunday	10 35	♌ 24	7 5	5 24	5 44	9 34	7 2	5 27	5 37	6 20	6 59	5 30	5 31
10	Monday	11 24	♌ 6	7 4	5 25	6 26	10 23	7 1	5 28	6 20	7 9	6 58	5 32	6 14
11	Tuesday	MORN.	♌ 18	7 2	5 26	RISES.	11 8	7 0	5 30	RISES.	7 49	6 57	5 33	RISES.
12	Wednesday	10	♌ 0	7 1	5 28	5 40	11 47	6 58	5 31	5 44	8 30	6 55	5 34	5 47
13	Thursday	54	♌ 12	7 0	5 29	6 40	EV. 23	6 57	5 32	6 43	9 9	6 54	5 35	6 45
14	Friday	1 36	♌ 24	6 59	5 30	7 41	1 0	6 56	5 34	7 42	9 46	6 53	5 36	7 44
15	Saturday	2 17	♌ 6	6 57	5 32	8 41	1 35	6 55	5 35	8 41	10 20	6 52	5 38	8 41

7) Sexagesima Sunday. ♀ in ♌ Day's length at New York, 10h. 43m.

16	Sunday	2 57	♌ 18	6 56	5 33	9 43	2 10	6 53	5 36	9 42	10 52	6 51	5 39	9 41
17	Monday	3 38	♌ 0	6 54	5 35	10 45	2 46	6 52	5 37	10 42	11 30	6 49	5 40	10 40
18	Tuesday	4 21	♌ 13	6 53	5 36	11 52	3 27	6 51	5 39	11 48	EV. 13	6 48	5 41	11 45
19	Wednesday	5 7	♌ 26	6 52	5 38	MORN.	4 13	6 49	5 40	MORN.	1 1	6 47	5 42	MORN.
20	Thursday	5 57	♌ 9	6 50	5 39	1 1	5 10	6 48	5 41	57	1 56	6 46	5 44	52
21	Friday	6 51	♌ 23	6 48	5 40	2 11	6 14	6 46	5 43	2 6	3 0	6 44	5 45	2 0
22	Saturday	7 50	♌ 6	6 47	5 42	3 21	7 25	6 45	5 44	3 15	4 11	6 43	5 46	3 8

8) Quinquagesima Sunday. ♀ in ♌ Day's length at New York, 11h. 1m.

23	Sunday	8 53	♌ 21	6 45	5 43	4 30	8 40	6 44	5 45	4 23	5 24	6 42	5 47	4 16
24	Monday	9 56	♌ 6	6 44	5 45	5 23	8 45	6 42	5 46	5 17	6 31	6 40	5 48	5 11
25	Tuesday	10 58	♌ 21	6 42	5 46	6 10	10 45	6 41	5 48	6 5	7 29	6 38	5 49	6 0
26	Wednesday	11 57	♌ 6	6 41	5 47	SETS.	11 35	6 39	5 49	SETS.	8 17	6 37	5 51	SETS.
27	Thursday	EV. 53	♌ 22	6 39	5 49	6 38	MORN.	6 38	5 50	6 40	9 8	6 36	5 52	6 41
28	Friday	1 45	♌ 7	6 38	5 50	7 55	22	6 37	5 51	7 55	9 53	6 34	5 53	7 55



ARIES.



3d Month.

MARCH, 1873.

31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHICAGO.		ST. LOUIS.	
		H. M.	E. M.	H. M.	E. M.	H. M.	E. M.	H. M.	E. M.	H. M.	E. M.
FIRST QUARTER.....	5	8 41	E.	8 29	E.	8 17	E.	7 35	E.	7 24	E.
FULL MOON.....	14	1 0	M.	0 48	M.	0 36	M.	*11 54	E.	*11 43	E.
LAST QUARTER.....	21	5 36	E.	5 24	E.	5 12	E.	4 30	E.	4 19	E.
NEW MOON.....	28	8 10	M.	7 53	M.	7 46	M.	7 4	M.	6 53	M.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.				
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Bos.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.
				H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Saturday	2 35	♈ 21	6 36	5 51	9 9	1 7	6 35	5 53	9 8	10 35	6 33	5 54	9 7

9) Quadragesima Sunday. ♀ in ♈. Day's length at New York, 11h. 19m.

2	Sunday	3 25	♀ 5	6 35	5 52	10 23	1 51	6 34	5 53	10 20	11 7	6 32	5 55	10 17
3	Monday	4 14	♀ 19	6 33	5 53	11 33	2 35	6 32	5 54	11 29	MOORN.	6 30	5 56	11 25
4	Tuesday	5 5	♈ 2	6 31	5 54	MOORN.	3 21	6 30	5 55	MOORN.	3 8	6 29	5 57	MOORN.
5	Wednesday	5 56	♈ 15	6 30	5 55	43	4 11	6 29	5 56	38	5 8	6 27	5 57	32
6	Thursday	6 48	♈ 27	6 28	5 56	1 47	5 9	6 27	5 57	1 41	1 55	6 26	5 58	1 35
7	Friday	7 41	♈ 9	6 26	5 57	2 49	6 10	6 25	5 58	2 43	2 56	6 24	5 59	2 36
8	Saturday	8 32	♈ 21	6 25	5 58	3 44	7 16	6 24	5 59	3 37	4 1	6 23	6 0	3 30

10) Second Sunday in Lent. ♂ in ♈. Day's length at New York, 11h. 38m.

9	Sunday	9 21	♈ 3	6 23	5 59	4 27	8 15	6 22	6 0	4 20	4 59	6 21	6 1	4 14
10	Monday	10 8	♈ 15	6 21	6 0	5 3	9 9	6 20	6 1	5 0	5 55	6 20	6 2	4 54
11	Tuesday	10 52	♈ 27	6 20	6 2	5 37	9 56	6 19	6 2	5 33	6 42	6 18	6 3	5 28
12	Wednesday	11 35	♈ 9	6 18	6 3	6 4	10 39	6 17	6 3	6 0	7 23	6 17	6 4	5 57
13	Thursday	MOORN.	♈ 21	6 16	6 4	RISES.	11 18	6 16	6 4	RISES.	8 0	6 15	6 5	RISES.
14	Friday	16	♈ 3	6 14	6 5	6 34	11 52	6 14	6 5	6 35	8 35	6 13	6 6	6 35
15	Saturday	57	♈ 15	6 13	6 6	7 36	EV. 25	6 12	6 6	7 36	9 12	6 12	6 7	7 35

11) Third Sunday in Lent. ♀ in ♈. Day's length at New York, 11h. 57m.

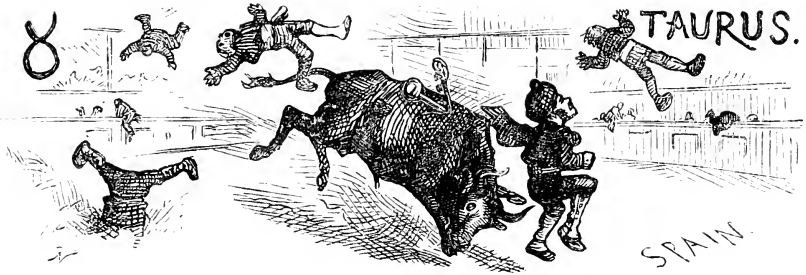
16	Sunday	1 38	♀ 3	6 11	6 7	8 40	1 1	6 11	6 8	8 38	9 47	6 10	6 8	8 36
17	Monday	2 20	♀ 15	6 9	6 9	9 44	1 37	6 9	6 9	9 41	10 22	6 9	6 9	9 38
18	Tuesday	3 5	♀ 23	6 7	6 10	10 52	2 17	6 7	6 10	10 48	11 0	6 7	6 10	10 44
19	Wednesday	3 53	♀ 9	6 6	6 11	MOORN.	3 0	6 6	6 11	11 56	11 45	6 6	6 11	11 51
20	Thursday	4 45	♀ 19	6 4	6 12	1	3 51	6 4	6 12	MOORN.	EV. 37	6 4	6 12	MOORN.
21	Friday	5 41	♀ 3	6 2	6 13	1 11	4 52	6 2	6 13	1 5	1 39	6 3	6 13	5 9
22	Saturday	6 41	♀ 15	6 0	6 14	2 18	6 3	6 1	6 14	2 12	2 49	6 1	6 14	2 5

12) Mid-Lent Sunday. ♀ in ♈. Day's length at New York, 12h. 16m.

23	Sunday	7 42	♀ 3	5 59	6 15	3 15	7 17	5 59	6 15	3 8	4 2	5 59	6 15	3 2
24	Monday	8 42	♀ 15	5 57	6 17	4 4	8 27	5 58	6 16	3 58	5 12	5 58	6 16	3 52
25	Tuesday	9 41	♀ 27	5 55	6 18	4 43	9 30	5 56	6 17	4 38	6 16	5 56	6 17	4 34
26	Wednesday	10 36	♀ 9	5 53	6 19	5 16	10 24	5 54	6 18	5 13	7 9	5 54	6 18	5 9
27	Thursday	11 29	♀ 21	5 52	6 20	SETS.	11 12	5 52	6 19	SETS.	7 54	5 53	6 19	SETS.
28	Friday	EV. 20	♀ 3	5 50	6 21	6 43	11 55	5 51	6 20	6 42	8 39	5 51	6 19	6 42
29	Saturday	1 11	♀ 15	5 48	6 22	7 57	MOORN.	5 49	6 21	7 55	9 24	5 50	6 20	7 53

13) Fifth Sunday in Lent. ♀ in ♈. Day's length at New York, 12h. 35m.

30	Sunday	2 1	♀ 3	5 46	6 23	9 10	37	5 47	6 22	9 7	10 7	5 48	6 21	9 3
31	Monday	2 53	♀ 15	5 45	6 24	10 24	1 21	5 46	6 23	10 19	10 49	5 47	6 22	10 15



4th Month. APRIL, 1873. 30 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON	NEW YORK	WASHINGTON.	CHICAGO.	ST. LOUIS.
FIRST QUARTER.....	4	H. M. 1 52 E.	H. M. 1 40 E.	H. M. 1 28 E.	H. M. 0 46 E.	H. M. 0 35 E.
FULL MOON.....	12	5 7 E.	4 55 E.	4 43 E.	4 1 E.	3 50 E.
LAST QUARTER.....	20	1 4 M.	0 52 M.	0 40 M.	*11 53 E.	*11 47 E.
NEW MOON.....	26	5 58 E.	5 46 E.	5 34 E.	4 52 E.	4 41 E.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.		
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Boston	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.

1	Tuesday	3 46	8 10	5 43	6 25	11 34	2 7	5 44	6 24	11 28	11 38	5 46	6 23	11 22
2	Wednesday	4 39	8 23	5 41	6 27	MORN.	2 54	5 42	6 26	MORN.	MORN.	5 44	6 24	MORN.
3	Thursday	5 33	II 6	5 40	6 28	38	3 45	5 41	6 27	31	31	5 42	6 25	25
4	Friday	6 25	II 18	5 38	6 29	1 38	4 42	5 39	6 28	1 32	1 29	5 41	6 26	1 25
5	Saturday	7 16	III 0	5 36	6 30	2 24	5 43	5 37	6 29	2 17	2 30	5 39	6 27	2 11

14) Palm Sunday. ♀ in ♀. Day's length at New York, 12h. 54m.

6	Sunday	8 4	III 12	5 35	6 31	3 6	6 44	5 36	6 30	3 0	3 30	5 37	6 28	2 54
7	Monday	8 49	III 24	5 33	6 32	3 40	7 42	5 34	6 31	3 35	4 27	5 36	6 29	3 30
8	Tuesday	9 32	Ω 5	5 31	6 33	4 8	8 35	5 33	6 32	4 4	5 19	5 34	6 30	4 0
9	Wednesday	10 14	Ω 17	5 30	6 34	4 31	9 20	5 31	6 33	4 28	6 6	5 33	6 31	4 26
10	Thursday	10 55	Ω 29	5 28	6 36	4 54	10 2	5 30	6 34	4 53	6 48	5 31	6 32	4 51
11	Friday	11 36	III 12	5 26	6 37	RISES.	10 42	5 28	6 35	RISES.	7 26	5 30	6 33	RISES.
12	Saturday	MORN.	III 24	5 25	6 38	6 29	11 18	5 26	6 36	6 28	8 1	5 28	6 34	6 27

15) Easter Sunday. ♂ in ♄. Day's length at New York, 13h. 12m.

13	Sunday	1 18	♄ 7	5 23	6 39	7 35	11 54	5 25	6 37	7 32	8 37	5 27	6 35	7 29
14	Monday	1 2	♄ 20	5 21	6 40	8 43	EV. 30	5 24	6 38	8 39	9 17	5 25	6 36	8 35
15	Tuesday	1 50	III 3	5 20	6 41	9 53	1 12	5 22	6 39	9 48	9 58	5 24	6 37	9 43
16	Wednesday	2 41	III 16	5 18	6 42	11 3	1 56	5 20	6 40	10 57	10 38	5 23	6 38	10 51
17	Thursday	3 36	III 29	5 16	6 43	MORN.	2 46	5 19	6 41	MORN.	11 28	5 21	6 39	11 59
18	Friday	4 35	♄ 13	5 15	6 44	13	3 41	5 17	6 42	6	EV. 27	5 20	6 40	MORN.
19	Saturday	5 35	♄ 27	5 13	6 45	1 13	4 44	5 16	6 43	1 6	1 31	5 18	6 41	59

16) Low Sunday. ♃ in Ω. Day's length at New York, 13h. 30m.

20	Sunday	6 34	♃ 11	5 12	6 46	2 1	5 53	5 14	6 44	1 55	2 39	5 17	6 42	1 49
21	Monday	7 31	♃ 25	5 10	6 47	2 41	7 3	5 13	6 45	2 36	3 48	5 16	6 42	2 31
22	Tuesday	8 27	♃ 10	5 9	6 48	3 16	8 10	5 11	6 46	3 13	4 54	5 14	6 43	3 9
23	Wednesday	9 19	♃ 24	5 7	6 50	3 45	9 7	5 10	6 47	3 43	5 52	5 13	6 44	3 41
24	Thursday	10 9	♃ 9	5 6	6 51	4 11	9 58	5 8	6 48	4 10	6 43	5 11	6 45	4 9
25	Friday	10 58	♃ 23	5 4	6 52	4 35	10 45	5 7	6 49	4 36	7 29	5 10	6 46	4 36
26	Saturday	11 48	♃ 7	5 3	6 53	SETS.	11 28	5 6	6 50	SETS.	8 11	5 9	6 47	SETS.

17) Second Sunday after Easter. ♃ in ♃. Day's length at New York, 13h. 47m.

27	Sunday	EV. 39	♃ 21	5 1	6 55	8 10	MORN.	5 4	6 51	8 6	8 55	5 8	6 48	7 52
28	Monday	1 32	♃ 8	5 0	6 56	9 12	9	5 3	6 52	9 7	9 42	5 6	6 49	9 1
29	Tuesday	2 26	♃ 18	4 58	6 57	10 21	56	5 2	6 53	10 15	10 26	5 6	6 50	10 8
30	Wednesday	3 21	II 14	4 57	6 58	11 23	1 42	5 0	6 55	11 19	11 14	5 4	6 51	11 12



5th Month. MAY, 1873. 31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHICAGO.	ST. LOUIS.
FIRST QUARTER.....	4	H. 7 49 M.	H. 7 37 M.	H. 7 25 M.	H. 6 43 M.	H. 6 32 M.
FULL MOON.....	12	6 34 M.	6 22 M.	6 10 M.	5 28 M.	5 17 M.
LAST QUARTER.....	19	6 16 M.	6 4 M.	5 52 M.	5 10 M.	4 0 M.
NEW MOON.....	26	4 36 M.	4 24 M.	4 12 M.	3 30 M.	3 19 M.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.						New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.			
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Boston.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W.
1	Thursday	4 15	II 13	4 56	7 0	MORN.	2 31	4 59	6 56	MORN.	MORN.	5 26	6 52	MORN.	
2	Friday	5 7	II 26	4 54	7 1	19	3 22	4 58	6 57	13	7 5	16	6 53	6	
3	Saturday	5 57	☾ 8	4 53	7 2	1 2	4 13	4 56	6 58	56	1 1	5 0	6 54	49	

18) Third Sunday after Easter. ♀ in ♀. Day's length at New York, 14h. 4m.

4 Sunday	6 44	☾ 20	4 52	7 3	1 38	5 10	4 55	6 59	1 33	1 56	4 59	6 55	1 28
5 Monday	7 28	♈ 2	4 51	7 4	2 10	6 6	4 54	7 0	2 6	2 52	4 58	6 56	2 1
6 Tuesday	8 10	♈ 14	4 49	7 5	2 35	7 0	4 53	7 1	2 32	3 45	4 57	6 57	2 29
7 Wednesday	8 51	♈ 26	4 48	7 6	2 58	7 48	4 52	7 2	2 56	4 35	4 55	6 58	2 54
8 Thursday	9 31	♈ 8	4 47	7 7	3 20	8 37	4 51	7 3	3 19	5 22	4 54	6 59	3 18
9 Friday	10 13	♈ 20	4 46	7 8	3 39	9 19	4 49	7 4	3 39	6 5	4 53	7 0	3 39
10 Saturday	10 57	♈ 3	4 44	7 9	4 0	10 1	4 48	7 5	4 1	6 47	4 52	7 1	4 3

19) Fourth Sunday after Easter. ♂ in ♁. Day's length at New York, 14h. 19m.

11 Sunday	11 44	♁ 16	4 43	7 10	4 22	10 44	4 47	7 6	4 25	7 28	4 51	7 2	4 28
12 Monday	MORN.	♁ 29	4 42	7 11	4 48	11 24	4 46	7 7	4 52	8 7	4 50	7 2	4 56
13 Tuesday	34	♈ 12	4 41	7 12	RISES.	EV. 7	4 45	7 8	RISES.	8 52	4 49	7 3	RISES.
14 Wednesday	1 30	♈ 26	4 40	7 13	10 3	54	4 44	7 9	9 57	9 40	4 49	7 4	9 50
15 Thursday	2 28	♈ 10	4 39	7 14	11 8	1 44	4 43	7 10	11 2	10 28	4 48	7 5	10 55
16 Friday	3 29	♈ 24	4 38	7 15	11 59	2 39	4 42	7 11	11 53	11 21	4 47	7 6	11 47
17 Saturday	4 29	♈ 8	4 37	7 16	MORN.	3 35	4 41	7 12	MORN.	EV. 21	4 46	7 7	MORN.

20) Rogation Sunday. ♁ in ♈. Day's length at New York, 14h. 33m.

18 Sunday	5 28	♈ 22	4 36	7 17	44	4 37	4 40	7 13	39	1 24	4 45	7 8	34
19 Monday	6 23	♈ 6	4 35	7 18	1 19	5 41	4 39	7 14	1 15	2 27	4 44	7 9	1 11
20 Tuesday	7 14	♈ 20	4 34	7 19	1 47	6 30	4 39	7 15	1 45	3 28	4 44	7 10	1 42
21 Wednesday	8 4	♈ 5	4 33	7 20	2 14	7 42	4 38	7 16	2 13	4 27	4 43	7 10	2 11
22 Thursday	8 52	♈ 19	4 32	7 21	2 38	8 39	4 37	7 17	2 38	5 23	4 42	7 11	2 38
23 Friday	9 40	♈ 3	4 31	7 22	3 2	9 29	4 36	7 18	3 4	6 15	4 41	7 12	3 5
24 Saturday	10 29	♈ 16	4 31	7 23	3 28	10 17	4 36	7 19	3 31	7 2	4 41	7 13	3 54

21) Sixth Sunday after Easter. ♁ in ♈. Day's length at New York, 14h. 45m.

25 Sunday	11 20	♈ 0	4 30	7 24	SETS.	11 4	4 35	7 20	SETS.	7 47	4 40	7 14	SETS.
26 Monday	EV. 13	♈ 13	4 29	7 25	8 2	11 49	4 34	7 20	7 56	8 32	4 39	7 14	7 51
27 Tuesday	1 8	♈ 26	4 29	7 26	9 9	MORN.	4 34	7 21	9 3	9 23	4 39	7 15	8 56
28 Wednesday	2 3	♈ 9	4 28	7 27	10 8	36	4 33	7 22	10 2	10 9	4 38	7 16	9 55
29 Thursday	2 57	♈ 21	4 27	7 28	10 56	1 23	4 32	7 23	10 49	10 52	4 37	7 17	10 43
30 Friday	3 49	♈ 4	4 27	7 28	11 37	2 10	4 32	7 23	11 31	11 41	4 37	7 17	11 25
31 Saturday	4 37	♈ 16	4 26	7 29	MORN.	2 57	4 31	7 24	MORN.	MORN.	4 37	7 18	12 0



6th Month. JUNE, 1873. 30 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHICAGO.	ST. LOUIS.
FIRST QUARTER.....	3	H. M. 1 35 M.	H. M. 1 23 M.	H. M. 1 11 M.	H. M. 0 29 M.	H. M. 0 18 M.
FULL MOON.....	10	5 17 E.	5 5 E.	4 53 E.	4 11 E.	4 0 E.
LAST QUARTER.....	17	10 48 M.	10 36 M.	10 24 M.	9 42 M.	9 31 M.
NEW MOON.....	24	4 28 E.	4 16 E.	4 4 E.	3 22 E.	3 11 E.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.			
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Boston.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.

22) Whitsunday. ♀ in ♀. Day's length at New York, 14h. 53m.

1 Sunday	5 22	♄	28 4 25 7 30	10 3 43	4 31 7 24	5	29 4 36 7 19	MORN.
2 Monday	6 5	♅	10 4 25 7 30	38 4 31	4 30 7 25	34	1 18 4 36 7 19	30
3 Tuesday	6 46	♆	21 4 25 7 31	1 1 5 18	4 30 7 26	1 0	2 4 4 36 7 20	57
4 Wednesday	7 26	♇	3 4 24 7 32	1 23 6 8	4 30 7 27	1 22	2 54 4 35 7 21	1 21
5 Thursday	8 7	♈	16 4 24 7 32	1 42 6 58	4 29 7 26	1 42	3 43 4 35 7 21	1 42
6 Friday	8 49	♉	28 4 24 7 33	2 2 7 45	4 29 7 28	2 3	4 31 4 35 7 22	2 4
7 Saturday	9 35	♊	11 4 23 7 33	2 23 8 34	4 29 7 28	2 25	5 19 4 34 7 23	2 27

23) Trinity Sunday. ♂ in ♉. Day's length at New York, 15h. 0m.

8 Sunday	10 24	♋	24 4 23 7 34	2 49 9 23	4 29 7 29	2 52	6 9 4 34 7 23	2 57
9 Monday	11 18	♌	7 4 23 7 35	RISES. 10 12	4 28 7 30	RISES.	6 58 4 34 7 24	RISES.
10 Tuesday	MORN.	♍	21 4 23 7 36	7 46 11 3	4 28 7 30	7 40	7 46 4 34 7 24	7 34
11 Wednesday	16	♎	5 4 22 7 36	8 57 11 52	4 28 7 31	8 51	8 35 4 34 7 25	8 44
12 Thursday	1 18	♏	20 4 22 7 37	9 54 EV. 44	4 28 7 31	9 48	9 30 4 34 7 25	9 41
13 Friday	2 20	♐	4 4 22 7 37	10 43 1 37	4 28 7 32	10 37	10 22 4 34 7 26	10 31
14 Saturday	3 21	♑	18 4 22 7 38	11 21 2 31	4 28 7 32	11 16	11 14 4 34 7 26	11 12

24) First Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♊. Day's length at New York, 15h. 4m.

15 Sunday	4 18	♈	3 4 22 7 38	11 52 3 25	4 28 7 32	11 49	EV. 10 4 34 7 26	11 46
16 Monday	5 11	♉	17 4 22 7 38	MORN. 4 19	4 28 7 33	MORN.	1 6 4 34 7 27	MORN.
17 Tuesday	6 2	♊	1 4 22 7 39	20 5 15	4 28 7 33	18	2 1 4 34 7 27	16
18 Wednesday	6 49	♋	15 4 22 7 39	43 6 11	4 28 7 33	42	2 57 4 34 7 28	42
19 Thursday	7 38	♌	29 4 22 7 39	1 7 7 12	4 28 7 34	1 8	3 56 4 34 7 28	1 9
20 Friday	8 25	♍	12 4 23 7 40	1 31 8 8	4 29 7 34	1 33	4 52 4 34 7 28	1 36
21 Saturday	9 14	♎	26 4 23 7 40	1 58 9 2	4 29 7 34	2 2	5 47 4 34 7 28	2 6

25) Second Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♋. Day's length at New York, 15h. 5m.

22 Sunday	10 5	♈	9 4 23 7 40	2 30 9 54	4 29 7 34	2 35	6 40 4 35 7 28	2 40
23 Monday	10 59	♉	22 4 23 7 40	3 9 10 46	4 29 7 34	3 15	7 30 4 35 7 29	3 21
24 Tuesday	11 53	♊	5 4 23 7 40	SETS. 11 31	4 29 7 35	SETS.	8 13 4 35 7 29	SETS.
25 Wednesday	EV. 48	♋	17 4 24 7 41	8 52 MORN.	4 30 7 35	8 45	9 4 4 35 7 29	8 38
26 Thursday	1 40	♌	0 4 24 7 41	9 33 18	4 30 7 35	9 27	9 48 4 36 7 29	9 21
27 Friday	2 30	♍	12 4 24 7 41	10 9 1 3	4 30 7 35	10 4	10 30 4 36 7 29	9 59
28 Saturday	3 17	♎	24 4 25 7 40	10 39 1 46	4 29 6 35	10 35	11 11 4 37 7 29	10 31

26) Third Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♌. Day's length at New York, 15h. 6m.

29 Sunday	4 0	♅	6 4 25 7 40	11 4 2 28	4 29 7 35	11 1	11 52 4 37 7 29	10 58
30 Monday	4 42	♆	18 4 26 7 40	11 26 3 7	4 29 7 35	11 24	MORN. 4 37 7 29	11 23



7th Month. JULY, 1873. 31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.		D.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHICAGO.		ST. LOUIS.	
			H. M.	E.	H. M.	E.	H. M.	E.	H. M.	E.	H. M.	E.
FIRST QUARTER.....	2		6 26	E.	6 14	E.	6 2	E.	5 20	E.	5 9	E.
FULL MOON.....	10		1 50	M.	1 33	M.	1 26	M.	0 44	M.	0 33	M.
LAST QUARTER.....	16		4 14	E.	4 2	E.	3 50	E.	3 8	E.	2 57	E.
NEW MOON.....	24		5 50	M.	5 33	M.	5 26	M.	4 44	M.	4 33	M.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.			
				Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Boston.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W.
1	Tuesday	5 22	Ω 29	4 26	7 40	11 46	3 48	4 32	7 35	11 46	3 4	4 38	7 29	11 45	
2	Wednesday	6 2	☾ 11	4 26	7 40	MORN.	4 31	4 32	7 35	MORN.	1 18	4 38	7 29	MORN.	
3	Thursday	6 43	☾ 24	4 27	7 40	6 5	5 15	4 33	7 34	7 2	1 4	39	7 29	7	
4	Friday	7 26	☾ 6	4 28	7 40	27 6	5 4	4 33	7 34	28	2 51	4 37	7 28	30	
5	Saturday	8 12	☾ 19	4 29	7 39	48 6	5 58	4 34	7 34	51	3 43	4 40	7 28	54	

27) Fourth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ☿. Day's length at New York, 14h. 59m.

6 Sunday	9 3	☾ 11	2 4	29 7 39	1 14	7 52	4 35	7 34	1 18	4 37	4 41	7 28	1 22
7 Monday	10 0	☾ 16	4 30	7 38	2 30	8 50	4 35	7 33	1 53	5 35	4 47	7 28	1 58
8 Tuesday	11 0	☾ 0	4 30	7 38	2 30	9 49	4 36	7 33	2 36	6 35	4 42	7 27	2 42
9 Wednesday	MORN.	☾ 14	4 31	7 38	RISES.	10 47	4 37	7 33	RISES.	7 31	4 42	7 27	RISES.
10 Thursday	4 4	☾ 29	4 32	7 38	8 34	11 40	4 37	7 32	8 28	8 23	4 43	7 27	8 22
11 Friday	1 7	☾ 14	4 33	7 37	9 18	EV. 35	4 38	7 32	9 13	9 20	4 44	7 26	9 8
12 Saturday	2 8	☾ 29	4 33	7 37	9 52	1 28	4 39	7 31	9 49	10 12	4 44	7 26	9 45

28) Fifth Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in ♄. Day's length at New York, 14h. 52m.

13 Sunday	3 4	☾ 13	4 34	7 36	10 22	2 17	4 39	7 31	10 20	10 59	4 45	7 26	10 17
14 Monday	3 57	☾ 28	4 35	7 36	10 47	3 4	4 40	7 30	10 46	11 49	4 46	7 25	10 46
15 Tuesday	4 47	☾ 12	4 36	7 35	11 11	3 53	4 41	7 30	11 11	EV. 39	4 46	7 24	11 12
16 Wednesday	5 35	☾ 26	4 37	7 34	11 36	4 44	4 42	7 29	11 38	1 31	4 47	7 24	11 40
17 Thursday	6 23	☾ 10	4 37	7 34	MORN.	5 41	4 43	7 29	MORN.	2 27	4 48	7 23	MORN.
18 Friday	7 11	☾ 23	4 38	7 33	2 6	6 39	4 44	7 28	5 3	3 24	4 49	7 23	8
19 Saturday	8 2	☾ 6	4 39	7 32	33 7	7 40	4 44	7 27	37	4 25	4 50	7 22	42

29) Sixth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♃. Day's length at New York, 14h. 41m.

20 Sunday	8 54	☾ 19	4 40	7 31	1 8	8 40	4 45	7 26	1 13	5 26	4 51	7 21	1 19
21 Monday	9 47	☾ 11	4 41	7 30	1 49	9 36	4 46	7 26	1 55	6 22	4 52	7 21	2 1
22 Tuesday	10 41	☾ 14	4 42	7 30	2 36	10 28	4 47	7 25	2 42	7 13	4 52	7 20	2 49
23 Wednesday	11 34	☾ 26	4 43	7 29	3 33	11 17	4 48	7 24	3 39	7 59	4 53	7 19	3 46
24 Thursday	EV. 25	☾ 8	4 44	7 28	SETS.	11 58	4 48	7 23	SETS.	8 43	4 54	7 18	SETS.
25 Friday	1 12	☾ 20	4 45	7 27	8 40	MORN.	4 49	7 23	8 35	9 24	4 55	7 18	8 31
26 Saturday	1 57	☾ 2	4 46	7 26	9 6	38	4 50	7 22	9 3	10 3	4 56	7 17	9 0

30) Seventh Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♃. Day's length at New York, 14h. 30m.

27 Sunday	2 39	☾ 14	4 47	7 25	9 30	1 17	4 51	7 21	9 28	10 35	4 57	7 16	9 25
28 Monday	3 19	☾ 26	4 48	7 24	9 50	1 54	4 52	7 20	9 49	11 13	4 58	7 15	9 48
29 Tuesday	3 59	☾ 8	4 49	7 23	10 9	2 29	4 53	7 19	10 9	11 51	4 58	7 14	10 9
30 Wednesday	4 39	☾ 20	4 50	7 22	10 29	3 6	4 54	7 18	10 30	MORN.	4 59	7 13	10 32
31 Thursday	5 20	☾ 2	4 51	7 21	10 50	3 45	4 55	7 17	10 53	31	4 59	7 12	10 55

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8th Month. **AUGUST, 1873.** 31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHICAGO.	ST. LOUIS.
FIRST QUARTER.....	1	H. M. 9 45 M.	H. M. 9 33 M.	H. M. 9 21 M.	H. M. 8 39 M.	H. M. 8 28 M.
FULL MOON.....	8	9 8 M.	8 56 M.	8 44 M.	8 2 M.	7 51 M.
LAST QUARTER.....	14	11 57 E.	11 45 E.	11 33 E.	10 51 E.	10 40 E.
NEW MOON.....	22	8 46 E.	8 34 E.	8 22 E.	7 40 E.	7 29 E.
FIRST QUARTER.....	30	11 4 E.	10 52 E.	10 40 E.	9 58 E.	9 47 E.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.				
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises. H. M.	Sun Sets. H. M.	Moon Rises. H. M.	H. W. Boston. H. M.	Sun Rises. H. M.	Sun Sets. H. M.	Moon Rises. H. M.	H. W. N. York. H. M.	Sun Rises. H. M.	Sun Sets. H. M.	Moon Rises. H. M.
1	Friday	6 4	♄ 14	4 52	7 20	11 14	4 28	4 56	7 16	11 18	1 15	5 0	7 11	11 22
2	Saturday	6 52	♄ 27	4 53	7 18	11 45	5 17	4 57	7 14	11 49	2 3	5 1	7 10	11 54

31) Eighth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♀. Day's length at New York, 14h. 15m.

3 Sunday	7 44	♄ 10	4 54	7 17	MORN.	6 16	4 58	7 13	MORN.	3 2	5 2	7 9	MORN.
4 Monday	8 42	♄ 24	4 55	7 16	19 7	19 7	4 59	7 12	25 4	5 3	7 8	31	
5 Tuesday	9 44	♄ 8	4 56	7 15	1 4	8 27	5 0	7 11	1 11	5 12	5 4	7 1	18
6 Wednesday	10 47	♄ 22	4 57	7 14	2 5	9 33	5 1	7 10	2 11	6 19	5 5	7 6	2 18
7 Thursday	11 50	♄ 7	4 58	7 12	RISES.	10 34	5 2	7 9	RISES.	7 19	5 6	7 5	RISES.
8 Friday	♄ 22	4 59	7 11	7 49	11 30	5 3	7 7	7 45	8 13	5 6	7 4	7 41	
9 Saturday	50	♄ 8	5 0	7 10	8 22	EV. 20	5 4	7 6	8 19	9 6	5 7	7 2	8 16

32) Ninth Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in ♄. Day's length at New York, 14h. 0m.

10 Sunday	1 46	♄ 23	5 17	8 8	8 48	1 8	5 5	7 5	8 47	9 54	5 8	7 1	8 45
11 Monday	2 38	♄ 8	5 27	7 9	9 14	1 54	5 6	7 4	9 14	10 37	5 9	7 0	9 14
12 Tuesday	3 29	♄ 22	5 37	6 9	9 39	2 39	5 7	7 2	9 40	11 21	5 10	6 59	9 42
13 Wednesday	4 18	♄ 6	5 47	4 10	4 3	25 5	8 7	1 10	7	EV. 10	5 11	6 58	10 10
14 Thursday	5 7	♄ 20	5 57	3 10	33 4	14 5	9 7	0 10	37 1	0 5	12 6	56 10	41
15 Friday	5 58	♄ 3	5 67	1 11	7 5	11 5	10 6	58 11	13 1	5 7	13 6	54 11	18
16 Saturday	6 50	♄ 16	5 77	0 11	48 6	12 5	11 6	57 11	54 2	5 8	14 6	53 12	0

33) Tenth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♄. Day's length at New York, 13h. 43m.

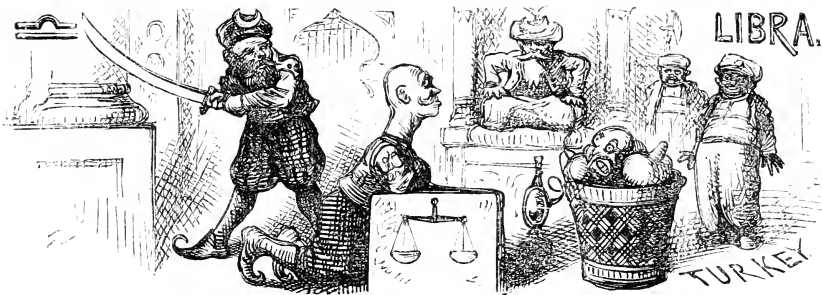
17 Sunday	7 44	♄ 28	5 8 6	58	MORN.	7 19	5 12	6 55	MORN.	4 4	5 15	6 52	MORN.
18 Monday	8 37	♄ 11	5 10 6	57	32	8 21	5 13 6	54	38	5 4	5 16 6	51	45
19 Tuesday	9 30	♄ 23	5 11 6	55	1 26	9 18	5 14 6	53	1 32	6 4	5 17 6	50	1 39
20 Wednesday	10 21	♄ 5	5 12 6	54	2 26	10 9	5 15 6	51	2 32	6 55	5 17 6	48	2 39
21 Thursday	11 9	♄ 17	5 13 6	52	3 28	10 55	5 16 6	50	3 33	7 39	5 18 6	47	3 38
22 Friday	11 55	♄ 29	5 14 6	51	SETS.	11 34	5 17 6	48	SETS.	8 15	5 19 6	45	SETS.
23 Saturday	EV. 37	♄ 11	5 15 6	49	7 34	MORN.	5 17 6	47	7 32	8 54	5 20 6	44	7 29

34) Eleventh Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♄. Day's length at New York, 13h. 27m.

24 Sunday	1 18	♄ 23	5 16 6	48	7 55	9	5 18 6	45	7 54	9 30	5 21 6	43	7 53
25 Monday	1 58	♄ 5	5 17 6	46	8 14	44	5 19 6	44	8 14	10 4	5 22 6	41	8 14
26 Tuesday	2 37	♄ 17	5 18 6	44	8 34	1 18	5 20 6	42	8 35	10 36	5 23 6	40	8 35
27 Wednesday	3 18	♄ 29	5 19 6	43	8 54	1 52	5 21 6	41	8 57	11 12	5 24 6	38	8 59
28 Thursday	4 0	♄ 11	5 20 6	41	9 17	2 29	5 22 6	39	9 20	11 52	5 25 6	37	9 23
29 Friday	4 45	♄ 23	5 21 6	39	9 42	3 7	5 23 6	37	9 46	MORN.	5 26 6	35	9 51
30 Saturday	5 34	♄ 6	5 22 6	38	10 14	3 51	5 24 6	36	10 19	37	5 26 6	34	10 25

35) Twelfth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♄. Day's length at New York, 13h. 9m.

31 Sunday	6 28	♄ 19	5 23 6	36	10 55	4 43	5 25 6	34	11 2	1 30	5 27 6	32	11 8
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9th Month. **SEPTEMBER, 1873.** 30 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHICAGO.	ST. LOUIS.
FULL MOON.....	6	H. 4 25 E.	H. 4 13 E.	H. 4 1 E.	H. 3 19 E.	H. 3 8 E.
LAST QUARTER.....	13	10 47 M.	10 45 M.	10 33 M.	9 51 M.	9 40 M.
NEW MOON.....	21	1 7 E.	0 55 E.	0 43 E.	0 1 E.	11 50 M.
FIRST QUARTER.....	29	10 12 M.	10 0 M.	9 48 M.	9 6 M.	8 55 M.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.				
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Boston.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.
1	Monday	7 27 ♀	2 5	24 6 35	11 48	5 47	5 26	6 33	11 54	2 33	5 28	6 31		
2	Tuesday	8 28 ♀	16 5	26 6 33	MORN.	6 59	5 27	6 31	MORN.	3 44	5 29	6 29		1
3	Wednesday	9 30 ♀	15 1	27 6 31	52	8 11	5 28	6 29	58	4 55	5 30	6 28		1 5
4	Thursday	10 31 ♀	16 5	28 6 29	2 10	9 18	5 29	6 28	2 15	6 4	5 31	6 26		2 21
5	Friday	11 28 ♀	15 2	29 6 28	3 31	10 19	5 30	6 26	3 35	7 5	5 32	6 25		3 40
6	Saturday	MORN. ♀	16 5	30 6 26	RISES.	11 11	5 31	6 25	RISES.	7 53	5 33	6 23		RISES.

36) Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♄. Day's length at New York, 12h. 51m.

7 Sunday	23 ♀	1 5	31 6 24	7 14	11 57	5 32	6 23	7 14	8 41	5 34	6 22	7 13
8 Monday	1 16 ♀	16 5	32 6 22	7 40	EV. 42	5 33	6 21	7 40	9 28	5 35	6 21	7 41
9 Tuesday	2 7 ♀	15 3	33 6 21	8 5	1 26	5 34	6 20	8 8	10 11	5 35	6 20	8 10
10 Wednesday	2 58 ♀	15 5	34 6 19	8 33	2 11	5 35	6 18	8 37	10 53	5 36	6 18	8 40
11 Thursday	3 50 ♀	29 5	35 6 17	9 5	2 58	5 36	6 16	9 10	11 42	5 37	6 17	9 16
12 Friday	4 43 ♀	12 5	36 6 15	9 45	3 49	5 37	6 15	9 51	EV. 35	5 38	6 15	9 57
13 Saturday	5 38 ♀	25 5	37 6 14	10 29	4 48	5 38	6 13	10 35	1 35	5 39	6 14	10 42

37) Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in ♃. Day's length at New York, 12h. 32m.

14 Sunday	6 33 ♀	8 5	38 6 12	11 20	5 52	5 39	6 11	11 27	2 38	5 40	6 12	11 34
15 Monday	7 26 ♀	20 5	39 6 10	MORN.	6 58	5 40	6 9	MORN.	3 43	5 41	6 10	MORN.
16 Tuesday	8 18 ♀	2 5	40 6 8	19	7 58	5 41	6 8	26	4 43	5 42	6 9	32
17 Wednesday	9 7 ♀	14 5	41 6 7	1 21	8 55	5 42	6 6	1 26	5 39	5 43	6 7	1 32
18 Thursday	9 53 ♀	26 5	43 6 5	2 22	9 42	5 43	6 4	2 27	6 28	5 44	6 6	2 31
19 Friday	10 37 ♀	8 5	44 6 3	3 25	10 25	5 44	6 3	3 28	7 10	5 44	6 4	3 32
20 Saturday	11 18 ♀	20 5	45 6 1	4 25	11 3	5 45	6 1	4 28	7 46	5 45	6 2	4 30

38) Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♃. Day's length at New York, 12h. 13m.

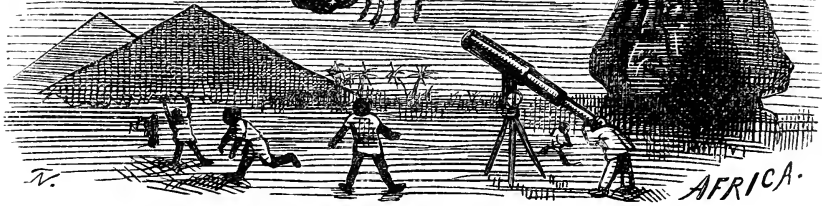
21 Sunday	11 58 ♀	2 5	46 6 0	SETS.	11 36	5 46	5 59	SETS.	8 18	5 46	6 1	SETS.
22 Monday	EV. 37 ♀	14 5	47 5 58	6 40	MORN.	5 47	5 58	6 41	8 54	5 47	5 59	6 41
23 Tuesday	1 17 ♀	26 5	48 5 56	6 59	9	5 48	5 56	7 1	9 29	5 48	5 58	7 3
24 Wednesday	1 59 ♀	8 5	49 5 54	7 21	43	5 49	5 54	7 24	10 5	5 49	5 56	7 27
25 Thursday	2 43 ♀	20 5	50 5 53	7 45	1 19	5 50	5 53	7 49	10 40	5 50	5 54	7 53
26 Friday	3 30 ♀	2 5	51 5 51	8 15	1 58	5 51	5 52	8 20	11 22	5 51	5 53	8 25
27 Saturday	4 22 ♀	15 5	52 5 49	8 52	2 40	5 52	5 50	8 58	MORN.	5 52	5 51	9 4

39) Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♃. Day's length at New York, 11h. 55m.

28 Sunday	5 17 ♀	27 5	53 5 47	9 37	3 28	5 53	5 48	9 44	14	5 53	5 50	9 51
29 Monday	6 16 ♀	12 5	54 5 46	10 36	4 25	5 54	5 46	10 43	1 12	5 54	5 48	10 50
30 Tuesday	7 15 ♀	25 5	56 5 44	11 46	5 32	5 54	5 44	11 52	2 18	5 55	5 46	11 59



SCORPIO.



10th Month. OCTOBER, 1873. 31 Days.

Table with 7 columns: MOON'S PHASES, D., BOSTON, NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS. Rows include Full Moon, Last Quarter, New Moon, and First Quarter.

Table with 4 main columns for locations: Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon; New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.; Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal. Includes sub-columns for Sun Rises, Sets, Moon Rises, Sets, and H. W. H. M.

40) Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♍. Day's length at New York, 11h. 36m.

Table for the 17th Sunday after Trinity, showing moon phases and times for days 5 through 11.

41) Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in ♎. Day's length at New York, 11h. 17m.

Table for the 18th Sunday after Trinity, showing moon phases and times for days 12 through 18.

42) Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♏. Day's length at New York, 10h. 59m.

Table for the 19th Sunday after Trinity, showing moon phases and times for days 19 through 25.

43) Twentieth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♏. Day's length at New York, 10h. 41m.

Table for the 20th Sunday after Trinity, showing moon phases and times for days 26 through 31.

* 5th.



11th Month.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

30 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHICAGO.		ST. LOUIS.	
		H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.
FULL MOON	4	11	4 M.	10	52 M.	10	40 M.	9	58 M.	9	47 M.
LAST QUARTER	11	7	4 E.	7	52 E.	7	40 E.	6	58 E.	6	47 E.
NEW MOON	19	10	52 E.	10	40 E.	10	28 E.	9	46 E.	9	35 E.
FIRST QUARTER	27	3	29 M.	3	17 M.	3	5 M.	2	23 M.	2	12 M.

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.				
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises. H. M.	Sun Sets. H. M.	Moon Rises. H. M.	H. W. Boston. H. M.	Sun Rises. H. M.	Sun Sets. H. M.	Moon Rises. H. M.	H. W. N. York. H. M.	Sun Rises. H. M.	Sun Sets. H. M.	Moon Rises. H. M.
1	Saturday	9 38	☾ 3	6 33	4 54	2 36	8 32	6 30	4 57	2 37	5 17	6 27	5 0	2 38

44) Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♍. Day's length at New York, 10h. 25m.

2	Sunday	10 28	☾ 18	6 34	4 53	3 53	9 26	6 31	4 56	3 53	6 12	6 28	4 59	3 53	
3	Monday	11 20	☽ 3	6 36	4 51	5 9	10 16	6 32	4 54	5 7	7 2	6 28	4 58	5 6	
4	Tuesday	MORN.	☽ 17	6 37	4 50	6 26	11 5	6 34	4 53	6 23	7 47	6 31	4 57	6 20	
5	Wednesday	14	☽ 2	6 38	4 49	RISES.	11 50	6 35	4 52	RISES.	8 33	6 32	4 56	RISES.	
6	Thursday	1 10	☽ 15	6 39	4 48	6 11	EV. 36	6 36	4 51	6 17	9 23	6 33	4 55	6 23	
7	Friday	2 7	☽ 8	29	6 41	4 47	6 57	1 27	6 37	4 50	7 4	10 11	6 34	4 54	7 11
8	Saturday	3 5	☽ 12	6 42	4 45	7 54	2 18	6 38	4 49	8 11	10 6	6 35	4 53	8 8	

45) Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. ♂ in ♌. Day's length at New York, 10h. 8m.

9	Sunday	4 2	☽ 25	6 43	4 44	8 58	3 9	6 40	4 48	9 4	11 54	6 36	4 52	9 11
10	Monday	4 55	☽ 7	6 44	4 43	10 1	4 1	6 41	4 47	10 6	EV. 48	6 37	4 51	10 12
11	Tuesday	5 45	☽ 19	6 46	4 42	11 4	4 56	6 42	4 46	11 8	1 43	6 38	4 50	11 13
12	Wednesday	6 30	☽ 1	6 47	4 41	MORN.	5 49	6 43	4 45	MORN.	2 35	6 39	4 49	MORN.
13	Thursday	7 13	☽ 13	6 48	4 40	6	6 41	6 44	4 44	9	3 27	6 40	4 48	12
14	Friday	7 54	☽ 25	6 49	4 39	1 6	7 32	6 46	4 43	1 8	4 17	6 41	4 47	1 10
15	Saturday	8 34	☽ 7	6 51	4 39	2 6	8 17	6 47	4 42	2 7	5 1	6 43	4 47	2 8

46) Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♍. Day's length at New York, 9h. 53m.

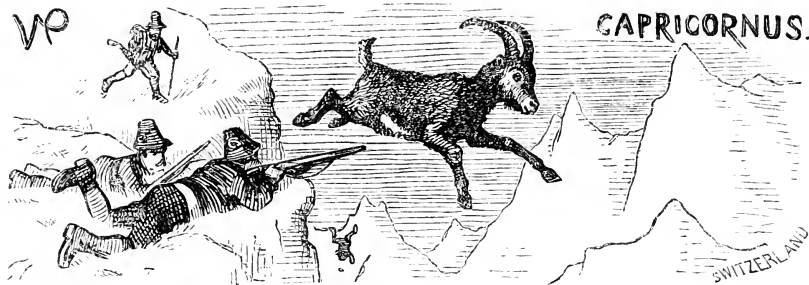
16	Sunday	9 13	☽ 19	6 52	4 38	3 5	9 1	6 48	4 41	3 5	5 46	6 44	4 56	3 5
17	Monday	9 54	☽ 1	6 53	4 37	4 7	9 43	6 49	4 40	4 6	6 29	6 45	4 45	4 4
18	Tuesday	10 37	☽ 13	6 54	4 36	5 12	10 25	6 50	4 39	5 9	7 11	6 46	4 44	5 6
19	Wednesday	11 23	☽ 26	6 56	4 35	SETS.	11 7	6 51	4 39	SETS.	7 49	6 47	4 44	SETS.
20	Thursday	EV. 13	☽ 9	6 57	4 34	4 51	11 49	6 53	4 38	4 57	8 32	6 48	4 43	5 3
21	Friday	1 7	☽ 22	6 58	4 34	5 30	MORN.	6 54	4 38	5 37	9 21	6 49	4 43	5 44
22	Saturday	2 4	☽ 5	6 59	4 33	6 21	35	6 55	4 37	6 28	10 10	6 50	4 42	6 35

47) Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity. ♀ in ♍. Day's length at New York, 9h. 40m.

23	Sunday	3 3	☽ 19	7 0	4 32	7 25	1 24	6 56	4 36	7 31	10 58	6 51	4 42	7 38
24	Monday	4 2	☽ 2	7 2	4 32	8 38	2 16	6 57	4 36	8 44	11 54	6 52	4 41	8 50
25	Tuesday	4 58	☽ 16	7 3	4 31	9 53	3 9	6 58	4 35	9 57	MORN.	6 53	4 40	10 2
26	Wednesday	5 51	☽ 0	7 4	4 31	11 8	4 4	6 59	4 35	11 11	51	6 55	4 40	11 15
27	Thursday	6 42	☽ 17	7 5	4 30	MORN.	5 3	7 0	4 35	MORN.	1 49	6 56	4 40	MORN.
28	Friday	7 31	☽ 29	7 6	4 30	22	6 4	7 2	4 34	24	2 50	6 57	4 40	26
29	Saturday	8 19	☽ 13	7 7	4 30	1 36	7 3	7 3	4 34	1 36	3 48	6 58	4 39	1 37

48) Advent Sunday. H in ☉. Day's length at New York, 9h. 30m.

30	Sunday	9 9	☽ 27	7 8	4 29	2 48	7 59	7 4	6 49	2 47	4 44	6 59	4 39	2 47
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12th Month. **DECEMBER, 1873.** 31 Days.

MOON'S PHASES.	D.	BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHICAGO.		ST. LOUIS.	
FULL MOON	3	H. 11	M. 36	E. 11	H. 11	M. 24	E. 11	H. 12	M. 10	H. 30	M. 10
LAST QUARTER	11	5	10	E. 4	58	E. 4	46	E. 4	4	E. 0	53
NEW MOON	19	2	5	E. 1	53	E. 1	41	E. 0	59	E. 0	48
FIRST QUARTER	26	11	21	M. 11	9	M. 11	57	M. 10	15	M. 10	4

D. of M.	Day of Week.	Boston, New England, N. Y. State, Michigan, Wis., Iowa, & Oregon.				New York City, Phila., Conn., N. Jersey, Pa., Ohio, Ind., and Ill.				Washington, Md., Va., Ky., Mo., and Cal.			
		Moon South.	Moon's Place.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. Boston.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Moon Rises.	H. W. N. York.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.

1	Monday	10 0	♑ 12	7 10	4 29	4 3	8 56	7 5	4 34	4 1	5 41	7 0	4 39	3 58
2	Tuesday	10 54	♑ 26	7 11	4 29	5 17	9 49	7 6	4 33	5 14	6 35	7 1	4 39	5 10
3	Wednesday	11 50	♊ 10	7 12	4 28	RISES. 10 41		7 7	4 33	RISES. 7 25		7 2	4 38	RISES.
4	Thursday	MOEN. 8	♋ 23	7 13	4 28	4 45	11 30	7 8	4 33	4 52	8 13	7 2	4 38	4 59
5	Friday	49	♌ 7	7 14	4 28	5 39	EV. 19	7 9	4 32	5 46	9 5	7 3	4 38	5 53
6	Saturday	1 47	♌ 20	7 15	4 28	6 39	1 9	7 10	4 32	6 46	9 55	7 4	4 38	6 53

49) Second Sunday in Advent. ♀ in ♋. Day's length at New York, 9h. 21m.

7	Sunday	2 43	♌ 3	7 16	4 28	7 45	1 58	7 11	4 32	7 51	10 40	7 5	4 38	7 57
8	Monday	3 35	♌ 15	7 17	4 28	8 49	2 45	7 12	4 32	8 54	11 27	7 6	4 38	8 59
9	Tuesday	4 23	♌ 27	7 17	4 28	9 52	3 29	7 13	4 32	9 56	EV. 15	7 7	4 38	10 0
10	Wednesday	5 8	♌ 9	7 18	4 28	10 53	4 14	7 14	4 32	10 56	1 2	7 8	4 38	10 58
11	Thursday	5 49	♌ 21	7 19	4 28	11 44	5 0	7 15	4 32	11 45	1 47	7 9	4 38	11 47
12	Friday	6 20	♌ 3	7 20	4 28	MOEN. 5	37	7 15	4 32	MOEN. 2	23	7 9	4 39	MOEN.
13	Saturday	7 9	♌ 15	7 21	4 28	53	6 36	7 16	4 33	53	3 22	7 10	4 39	53

50) Third Sunday in Advent. ♂ in ♋. Day's length at New York, 9h. 17m.

14	Sunday	7 48	♌ 27	7 22	4 28	1 53	7 23	7 16	4 33	1 52	4 8	7 11	4 39	1 51
15	Monday	8 30	♌ 9	7 22	4 29	2 56	8 13	7 17	4 33	2 54	4 57	7 12	4 39	2 52
16	Tuesday	9 15	♌ 22	7 23	4 29	4 1	9 3	7 18	4 33	3 58	5 48	7 12	4 40	3 54
17	Wednesday	10 3	♌ 4	7 24	4 29	5 9	9 52	7 18	4 33	5 5	6 38	7 13	4 40	5 0
18	Thursday	10 56	♌ 17	7 24	4 29	6 19	10 43	7 19	4 34	6 14	7 27	7 14	4 40	6 8
19	Friday	11 53	♌ 1	7 25	4 30	SETS. 11	31	7 20	4 34	SETS. 8	13	7 14	4 41	SETS.
20	Saturday	EV. 53	♌ 15	7 26	4 30	5 13	MOEN. 13	7 20	4 35	5 20	9 8	7 15	4 41	5 27

51) Fourth Sunday in Advent. ♀ in ♌. Day's length at New York, 9h. 14m.

21	Sunday	1 54	♌ 29	7 26	4 31	6 25	21	7 21	4 35	6 31	10 0	7 15	4 42	6 38
22	Monday	2 52	♌ 3	7 26	4 31	7 41	1 14	7 21	4 36	7 45	10 48	7 16	4 42	7 51
23	Tuesday	3 48	♌ 17	7 27	4 32	8 58	2 6	7 22	4 37	9 2	11 40	7 16	4 43	9 6
24	Wednesday	4 40	♌ 11	7 27	4 32	10 14	2 56	7 22	4 37	10 16	MOEN. 7	17	4 43	10 18
25	Thursday	5 29	♌ 26	7 28	4 33	11 27	3 46	7 23	4 38	10 28	32	7 17	4 44	11 29
26	Friday	6 17	♌ 10	7 28	4 33	MOEN. 4	38	7 23	4 39	MOEN. 1	25	7 17	4 44	MOEN.
27	Saturday	7 5	♌ 24	7 28	4 34	40	5 33	7 23	4 39	39	2 19	7 18	4 45	39

52) First Sunday after Christmas. ♀ in ♌. Day's length at New York, 9h. 17m.

28	Sunday	7 54	♌ 8	7 29	4 35	1 51	6 31	7 23	4 40	1 49	3 16	7 18	4 46	1 47
29	Monday	8 45	♌ 21	7 29	4 36	3 5	7 32	7 24	4 40	3 1	4 17	7 18	4 47	2 58
30	Tuesday	9 39	♌ 5	7 29	4 37	4 16	8 30	7 24	4 41	4 12	5 15	7 19	4 47	4 7
31	Wednesday	10 36	♌ 19	7 30	4 37	5 29	9 29	7 24	4 42	5 23	6 14	7 19	4 48	5 17

NEW-YEAR'S CALLS.

BY ELI PERKINS.



Fifth Avenue Hotel, 1 A.M., Jan. 2th.

I don't feel like writing to-day; my head aches. I made New-Year's calls yesterday—made 125 calls. I finished them about twelve o'clock—an hour ago.



MAKES CALLS.

I had my call-list written off, and commenced at Sixteenth Street, and came down. My idea was to make 125 calls of five minutes each. This would take 625 minutes, or ten hours. I think I did it. I worked hard. I was an intermittent perpetual motion. I did all any body *could* do. If any fellow says he made 126 calls, he—well, he is guilty

of li-bel. I tried it. I made my 125th call with my eyes closed, and at my 126th I swooned on the hall stairs. Nature was exhausted. Oh! but wasn't it fun! It is nothing to make calls after you have been at it a spell. The last twenty calls were made with one eye closed. I was actually taking a mental nap all the time. My tongue talked right straight ahead, from force of habit. Talking came as easy as ordinary respiration. All I had to do was to open my mouth, and the same words tumbled out:

"Hap—new year MisSmitte!"

"Ah! Mr. Perkins, I'm delighted—"

"May you have man'hap'returns—by—by!"

"But arn't you going to drink to—"

"Thank—spleasur (drank); may you live (hic) thousand years. By—by" (sliding into the hall and down front steps).



FIRST CALL.

I started at noon. Made first call on young lady.

She said, "You have many calls to make. Won't you fortify yourself with a little sherry?"

I said I (hic) would, and drank small glass.

Called next on married lady on Fifth Heav-
enue.

She said, "Let's drink to William—you know Will is off making calls on the girls."

"All right, Mrs. Mason;" then we drank some nice old Port to absent William.

On Forty-ninth Street met a sainted Virginia mother, who had some real old Virginia egg-nog.

Very nice Southern egg-nog. Abused the Yankees, and drank two glasses with Virginia mother.

On Forty-sixth Street met a lady who had some nice California wine. Tried it. Then went across the street with Democratic friend to say New Year's and get some of old Skinner's 1836 brandy. Got it. Mrs. Skinner wanted us to drink to Skinner. Drank to Skinner, and ate lobster salad.

Met a friend, who said,

"Let's run in and (hic) see Coe, the temperance man."

Coe said,

"Ah! happy time! Let's drink to my wife."

Drank bottle of Champagne to Mrs. Coe—then drank to children.

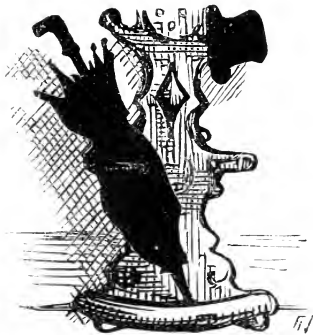
Drove round to Miss Thompson's on Fifth Heavenu. Thompson's famous for rum punch. Tried two glasses with Miss Thompson. Very happy. House looked lovely. Ate brandy peaches. Good many lights. Pretty girls quite numerous. Drank their health. Drank claret. Then drank Roman punch. Went out, leaving a Dunlap hat for a Knox, and a twelve dollar umbrella in the hat-rack.

Happy thought! Took Charley Brown in the carriage with driver, and got on outside with myself.

Charley said, "Let's drop in on the Madison Heavenu Masons." "All right."



DRANK TO CHILDREN.

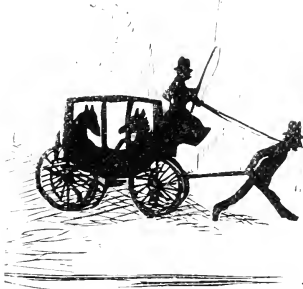


THE UMBRELLA AND HAT.



LEFT OVERCOAT.

Dropped in. Miss Mason says, "Have some nice old Madeira?" Said, "Yes, Miss Mas'n, will have some, my dearie." Drank to Mrs. Mason, and ate boned turkey to young ladies. Young ladies dressed beau'fully—hair, court train, and shoes à la Pompadour. Left overcoat, and changed high hat for fur cap. Saw a span of horses in a carriage drawn by Charley King. Charley was tightlly slight. Said he'd been in to Lee's, eating boned sherry and drinking pale turkey.



SAW THIS.

"Lam's Champ's very good," says Charley. Also drank brandy peaches here, and ate more pony brandy. Young ladies beau'ful — high-heeled dress and shoes cut *decollette*. Great many of them. Nice Roman punch with monogram on it. Had fried sandwich with brandy on it. Presented large bouquet in corner to Mrs. Lamb. Exchanged hat for hall card-basket, and slid down front banisters.

Called on Vanderbilt. Hang (hie) Vanderbilt! Vanderbilt didn't rec'v calls. Carried off card-basket and hung Charley's hat on bell-knob. Used Van's cards to make other calls with. Kept calling. Called steady. Called between calls.



SLID DOWN.



CARD-BASKET.

Drank more. Drank every where. Young ladies more beau'ful. Wanted us to come back to party in the evening. Came back. Grand party. Bernstein furnished by music. Drank more lobster salad.

Drank half a glass of silk dress, and poured rest on skirt of Miss Smith's Champagne in corner. Slumped plate gas-light green silk down on to nice ice-cream. Dresses wore white tarletan young ladies cut swallow tail.



CALLED BETWEEN CALLS.



DRANK MORE LOEBSTER SALAD.

Sat on young lady's hand and held stairs. Very (hic) happy. Fellows had been drinking.

11 P.M. Left party. Carriage outside wanted me to get into Fred Young and promenade over to the Stewarts. Roman punch had been drinking Fred. He invited 8 other horses to get into the fellows and ride around to the Stewarts. Stewart tight and house closed up. Left pocket-book in card-basket outside, and hung watch and chain on bell-knob.

Called on the Furgisons. All up. Had old Burgundy. Furgison's a brick. Took sherry. Beau'ful young lady dressed in blue Roman punch. Opened bottle of white *gros grain* trimmed with Westchester county lace. Drank it up. Fellows getting more tete-uly slight. Drank *Pompadour* rum with young lady dressed à la *Jamaica*. Hadn't strength to refuse. Drank hap' New Year fifteen times—then got into Fifth Heavenuue Hotel, and told driver to drive round to the carriage. Came up to letter,



CUT SWALLOW TAIL.



WANTED ME TO GET INTO FRED.



LEFT OUTSIDE.

and wrote this room for the COM-VERTISER. Pull coat off with the boot-jack, and stood self up by the register to dry. Then wrote (hic)——wrote more——(hic).



ULI PIRK(hic)INS.

THE COMING EVENT—Nast's Almanac for next year.
 What's in an *aim*?—Every thing.
 Hospital song—"When this gruel war is over!"
 A man having been caught kissing his wife's sister, said it was a *lapsus lingue*!
 The original "Little Breeches"—Cupid!
 Why are chimes like onions?—Because they are peel on peel.
 A miss is as good as a mile—of old women. (Punch.)

THE STORY OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY WHO DID NOT PROSPER.

BY MARK TWAIN.



ONCE there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath-school. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that Jacob had surpassed every thing. He wouldn't play at marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ-grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out, and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; as I said

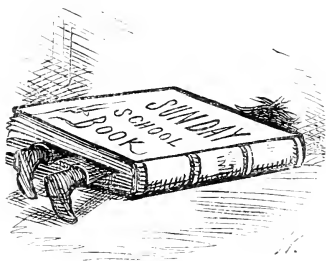


before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted," and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday-school books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday-school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once; but he never did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one, he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him:

but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday-school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and every body crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys, on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday-school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and she weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the door-step giving a penny to a poor beggar-woman with six chil-



dren, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner, as he came from school, and welted him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday-school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was

the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday-school-book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died, it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So, at last, of course he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But, somehow, nothing ever went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple-tree and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree too, but he fell on *him*, and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't any thing in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick, and said he would like to catch him



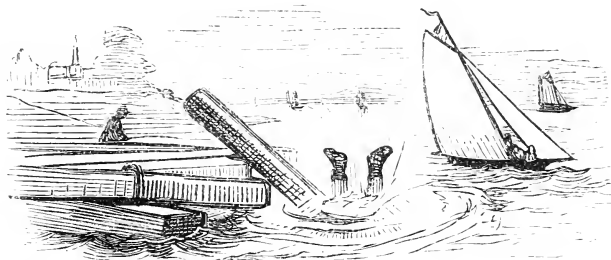
shoving *him* again, and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home, and pet him, and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one, and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle



of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did, he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be about the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once when he was on his way to Sunday-school he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sail-boat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out



on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him, and gave him a

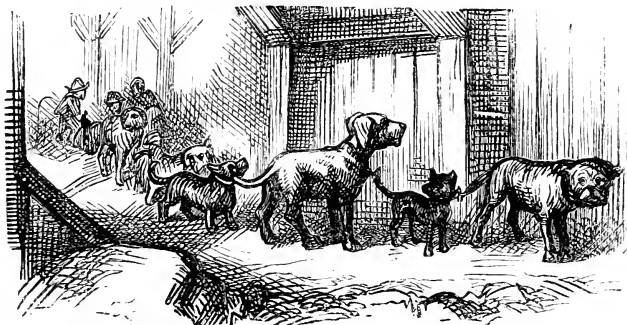
fresh start with his bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick abed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well, in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumbfounded.



When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying, anyhow. He knew that so far his experiences wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet, if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If every thing else failed, he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time for him to go to sea as a cabin-boy. He called on a ship-captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendations he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words, "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed! *that* wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush-bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him."

This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that ever had happened to Jacob in



all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship-captains, and open the way to all offices of honor and profit in their gift—it never had in any book that ever *he* had read. He could hardly believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament with empty nitro-glycerine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans—for he never minded grease when duty was before him—and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and



turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman M'Welter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away; but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence, and began one of those stately little Sunday-school-book



speeches which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir!" But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear, and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof, and soared away toward the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite; and there wasn't a sign of that alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth; and as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds, because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apporioned around among four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered, except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.



MARRIAGE.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

MARRIAGE is a fair transaction on the face ov it.

But thare iz quite too often put-up jobs in it.

It is an old institushun—older than the Pyramids, and az phull ov hyroglyphics that nobody can parse.

History holds its tongue who the pair waz who fust put on the silken harness, and promised to work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote.

But whoever they waz, they must hev made a good thing out of it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hev harnessed up since and drove out.

Thare iz a grate moral grip to marriage; it iz the mortar that holds the sooshul bricks together.



But thare ain't but darn few pholks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and give a good written opinyun whi on airth they cum to did it.

This is a grate proof that it iz one ov them natral kind ov acksidents that must hap-pen, jist az birds fly out ov the nest, when they hev feathers enuff, without being able tew tell why.

Sum marry for buty, and never diskover their mistake: this is lucky.

Sum marry for money, and don't see it.

Sum marry for pedegree, and feel big for six months; and then very sensibly cum tew the conclusion that pedegree ain't no better than skim-milk.

Sum marry bekwaze they hev bin highsted sum whare else; this iz a cross match, a bay and a sorrel: pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for love, without a cent in their pockets, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop ov pedegree. This looks desperate, *but it iz the strength of the game.*



If marrying for love ain't a success, then matrimony is a ded beet.

Sum marry because they think wimmen will be scarce next year, and live tew wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry tew get rid of themselves, and discover that the game waz one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up.

Sum marry tew be happy, and, not finding it, wonder where all the happiness goes to when it dies.

Sum marry they can't tell why, and live they can't tell how.

Almost every boddy gets married, and it is a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This iz like buying a poor farm heavily mortgaged, and working the balance of your days to clear oph the mortgages.

Married life haz its chances, and this iz just what gives it its flavor. Every boddy luvz tew phool with the chances, bekawze every boddy expekts tew win. But I am authorized tew state that every boddy don't win.

But, after all, married life iz full az certain az the dry goods bizness.

Kno man kan tell jist what calico haz made up its mind tew do next.

Calico don't kno even herself.

Dry goods ov all kinds iz the child ov circumstansis.

Sum never marry, but this iz jist ez risky; the diseaze iz the same, with another name to.

The man who stands on the banks shivering, and dassent, iz more apt tew ketch cold than him who pitches hiz head fust into the river.

Thare iz but few who never marry bekawze they *won't*—they all hanker, and most ov them starve with bread before them (spread on both sides), jist for the lack ov grit.

Marry yung! iz mi motto.

I hev tried it, and I know what I am talking about.

If enny boddy asks you whi you got married (if it needs be), tell him *yu don't recollect*.

Marriage is a safe way to gamble—if yu win, you win a pile, and if yu loze, yu don't loze enny thing, only the privilege of living dismally alone and soaking your own feet.

I repeat it, in italics, *marry yung!*

Thare iz but one good excuse for a marriage late in life, and that is—*a second marriage*.



MRS. LEO HUNTER'S PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.



MR. PICKWICK'S conscience had been somewhat reproaching him for his recent neglect of his friends at the Peacock, and he was just on the point of walking forth in quest of them, on the third morning after the election had terminated, when his faithful valet put into his hand a card, on which was engraved the following inscription :

Mrs. Leo Hunter.

The Den. Eatanswill.

“Person’s a waitin’,” said Sam, epigrammatically.

“Does the person want me, Sam?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“He wants you particklar; and no one else ’ll do, as the devil’s private secretary said ven he fetched away Dr. Faustus,” replied Mr. Weller.

“*He.* Is it a gentleman?” said Mr. Pickwick.

“A very good imitation o’ one, if it an’t,” replied Mr. Weller.

“But this is a lady’s card,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Given me by a gen’lm’n, hows’ever,” replied Sam; “and he’s a waitin’ in the drawing-room—said he’d rather wait all day than not see you.”

Mr. Pickwick, on hearing this determination, descended to the drawing-room, where sat a grave man, who started up on his entrance, and said, with an air of profound respect,

“Mr. Pickwick, I presume?”

“The same.”

“Allow me, sir, the honor of grasping your hand. Permit me, sir, to shake it,” said the grave man.

“Certainly,” said Mr. Pickwick.

The stranger shook the extended hand, and then continued :



"We have heard of your fame, sir. The noise of your antiquarian discussion has reached the ears of Mrs. Leo Hunter—my wife, sir; *I am Mr. Leo Hunter*"—the stranger paused, as if he expected that Mr. Pickwick would be overcome by the disclosure; but, seeing that he remained perfectly calm, proceeded:

"My wife, sir—Mrs. Leo Hunter—is proud to number among her acquaintance all those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit me, sir, to place in a conspicuous part of the list the name of Mr. Pickwick, and his brother members of the club that derives its name from him."

"I shall be extremely happy to make the acquaintance of such a lady, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"You *shall* make it, sir," said the grave man. "To-morrow morning, sir, we give a public breakfast—a *fête champêtre*—to a great number of those who have rendered themselves celebrated by their works and talents. Permit Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir, to have the gratification of seeing you at the Den."

"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Mrs. Leo Hunter has many of these breakfasts, sir," resumed the new acquaintance—"feasts of reason, sir, and flows of soul," as somebody who wrote a sonnet to Mrs. Leo Hunter on her breakfasts feelingly and originally observed."

"Was *he* celebrated for his works and talents?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He was, sir," replied the grave man; "all Mrs. Leo Hunter's acquaintance are. It is her ambition, sir, to have no other acquaintance."

"It is a very noble ambition," said Mr. Pickwick.

"When I inform Mrs. Leo Hunter that that remark fell from *your* lips, sir, she will indeed be proud," said the grave man. "You have a gentleman in your train who has produced some beautiful little poems, I think, sir."

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a great taste for poetry," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"So has Mrs. Leo Hunter, sir. She dotes on poetry, sir. She adores it; I may say that her whole soul and mind are wound up and entwined with it. She has produced some delightful pieces herself, sir. You may have met with her '*Ode to an expiring Frog*,' sir."

"I don't think I have," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You astonish me, sir," said Mr. Leo Hunter. "It created an immense sensation. It was signed with an 'L' and eight stars, and appeared originally in a *Lady's Magazine*. It commenced—



'Can I view thee panting, lying
On thy stomach, without sighing;
Can I unmoved see thee dying
On a log,
Expiring frog?'"

"Beautiful," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Fine," said Mr. Leo Hunter; "so simple."

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.

"The next verse is still more touching. Shall I repeat it?"

"If you please," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It runs thus," said the grave man, still more gravely—

'Say, have fiends in shape of boys,
With wild halloo and brutal noise,
Hunted thee from marshy joys,
With a dog,
Expiring frog?'"

"Finely expressed," said Mr. Pickwick.

"All point, sir," said Mr. Leo Hunter; "but you shall hear Mrs. Leo Hunter repeat

it. *She* can do justice to it, sir. She will repeat it in character, sir, to-morrow morning."

"In character!"

"As *Minerva*. But I forgot—it's a fancy-dress breakfast."

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, glancing at his own figure, "I can't possibly—"

"Can't, sir—can't!" exclaimed Mr. Leo Hunter. "Solomon Lucas, the Jew in the High Street, has thousands of fancy dresses. Consider, sir, how many appropriate characters are open for your selection—Plato, Zeno, Epicurus, Pythagoras—all founders of clubs."

"I know that," said Mr. Pickwick; "but as I can not put myself in competition with those great men, I can not presume to wear their dresses."

The grave man considered deeply for a few seconds, and then said:

"On reflection, sir, I don't know whether it would not afford Mrs. Leo Hunter greater pleasure if her guests saw a gentleman of your celebrity in his own costume rather than in an assumed one. I may venture to promise an exception in your case, sir—yes, I am quite certain that, on behalf of Mrs. Leo Hunter, I may venture to do so."

"In that case," said Mr. Pickwick, "I shall have great pleasure in coming."

"But I waste your time, sir," said the grave man, as if suddenly recollecting himself. "I know its value, sir. I will not detain you. I may tell Mrs. Leo Hunter, then, that she may confidently expect you and your distinguished friends? Good morning, sir, I am proud to have beheld so eminent a personage—not a step, sir—not a word." And, without giving Mr. Pickwick time to offer remonstrance or denial, Mr. Leo Hunter stalked gravely away.

Mr. Pickwick took up his hat and repaired to the Peacock, but Mr. Winkle had conveyed the intelligence of the fancy ball there before him.

"Mrs. Pott's going," were the first words with which he saluted his leader.

"Is she?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"As *Apollo*," replied Mr. Winkle. "Only Pott objects to the tunic."

"He is right. He is quite right," said Mr. Pickwick, emphatically.

"Yes; so she's going to wear a white satin gown with gold spangles."

"They'll hardly know what she's meant for, will they?" inquired Mr. Snodgrass.

"Of course they will," replied Mr. Winkle, indignantly. "They'll see her lyre, won't they?"

"True; I forgot that," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I shall go as a bandit," interposed Mr. Tupman.

"What!" said Mr. Pickwick, with a sudden start.



"As a bandit," repeated Mr. Tupman, mildly.

"You don't mean to say," said Mr. Pickwick, gazing with solemn sternness at his friend, "you don't mean to say, Mr. Tupman, that it is your intention to put yourself into a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail?"

"Such is my intention, sir," replied Mr. Tupman, warmly. "And why not, sir?"

"Because, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, considerably excited, "because you are too old, sir."

"Too old!" exclaimed Mr. Tupman.

"And, if any further ground of objection be wanting," continued Mr. Pickwick, "you are too fat, sir."

"Sir," said Mr. Tupman, his face suffused with a crimson glow, "this is an insult."



"Sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, in the same tone, "it is not half the insult to you that your appearance in my presence in a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail would be to me."

"Sir," said Mr. Tupman, "you're a fellow."

"Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you're another."

Mr. Tupman advanced a step or two and glared at Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Pickwick returned the glare, concentrated into a focus by means of his spectacles, and breathed a bold defiance. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle looked on, petrified at beholding such a scene between two such men.

"Sir," said Mr. Tupman, after a short pause, speaking in a low, deep voice, "you have called me old."

"I have," said Mr. Pickwick.

"And fat."

"I reiterate the charge."

"And a fellow."

"So you are."

There was a fearful pause.

"My attachment to your person, sir," said Mr. Tupman, speaking in a voice tremulous with emotion, and tucking up his wristbands meanwhile, "is great—very great; but upon that person I must take summary vengeance."

"Come on, sir!" replied Mr. Pickwick. Stimulated by the exciting nature of the



dialogue, the heroic man actually threw himself into a paralytic attitude, confidently supposed by the two by-standers to have been intended as a posture of defense.

“What!” exclaimed Mr. Snodgrass, suddenly recovering the power of speech, of which intense astonishment had previously bereft him, and rushing between the two, at the imminent hazard of receiving an application on the temple from each—“what! Mr. Pickwick, with the eyes of the world upon you! Mr. Tupman! who, in common with us all, derives a lustre from his undying fame! For shame, gentlemen; for shame.”

The unwonted lines which momentary passion had ruled in Mr. Pickwick’s clear and open brow gradually melted away as his young friend spoke, like the marks of a black-lead pencil beneath the softening influence of India-rubber. His countenance had resumed its usual benign expression ere he concluded.

“I have been hasty,” said Mr. Pickwick—“very hasty. Tupman, your hand.”

The dark shadow passed from Mr. Tupman’s face as he warmly grasped the hand of his friend.

“I have been hasty too,” said he.

“No, no,” interrupted Mr. Pickwick; “the fault was mine. You will wear the green velvet jacket?”

“No, no,” replied Mr. Tupman.

“To oblige me, you will,” resumed Mr. Pickwick.

“Well, well, I will,” said Mr. Tupman.

It was accordingly settled that Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass should all wear fancy dresses. Thus Mr. Pickwick was led by the very warmth of his own good feelings to give his consent to a proceeding from which his better judgment would have recoiled. A more striking illustration of his amiable character could hardly have been conceived, even if the events recorded in these pages had been wholly imaginary.

Mr. Leo Hunter had not exaggerated the resources of Mr. Solomon Lucas. His wardrobe was extensive—very extensive; not strictly classical, perhaps, nor quite new, nor did it contain any one garment made precisely after the fashion of any age or time, but every thing was more or less spangled, and what *can* be prettier than spangles! It may be objected that they are not adapted to the daylight, but every body knows that they would glitter if there were lamps; and nothing can be clearer than that if people give fancy balls in the daytime, and the dresses do not show quite as well as they would by night, the fault lies solely with the people who give the fancy balls, and is in no wise chargeable on the spangles. Such was the convincing reasoning of Mr. Solomon Lucas; and influenced by such arguments did Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass engage to array themselves in costumes which his taste and experience induced him to recommend as admirably suited to the occasion.



A carriage was hired from the Town Arms for the accommodation of the Pickwickians, and a chariot was ordered from the same repository for the purpose of conveying Mr. and Mrs. Pott to Mrs. Leo Hunter's grounds, which Mr. Pott, as a delicate acknowledgment of having received an invitation, had already confidently predicted in the *Eatanswill Gazette* "would present a scene of varied and delicious enchantment—a bewildering coruscation of beauty and talent—a lavish and prodigal display of hospitality—above all, a degree of splendor softened by the most exquisite taste; and adornment refined with perfect harmony and the

chastest good keeping, compared with which the fabled gorgeousness of Eastern fairy-land itself would appear to be clothed in as many dark and murky colors as must be the mind of the splenetic and unmanly being who could presume to taint with the venom of his envy the preparations making by the virtuous and highly distinguished lady at whose shrine this humble tribute of admiration was offered." This last was a piece of biting sarcasm against the *Independent*, who, in consequence of not having been invited at all, had been through four numbers affecting to sneer at the whole affair, in his very largest type, with all the adjectives in capital letters.

The morning came. It was a pleasant sight to behold Mr. Tupman in full brigand's costume, with a very tight jacket sitting like a pincushion over his back and shoulders; the upper portion of his legs incased in the velvet shorts, and the lower part thereof swathed in the complicated bandages to which all brigands are peculiarly attached. It was pleasing to see his open and ingenuous countenance, well mustachioed and corked, looking out from an open shirt collar; and to contemplate the sugar-loaf hat, decorated with ribbons of all colors, which he was compelled to carry on his knee, inasmuch as no known conveyance with a top to it would admit of any man's carrying it between his head and the roof. Equally humorous and agreeable was the appearance of Mr. Snodgrass in blue satin trunks and cloak, white silk tights and shoes, and Grecian helmet—which every body knows (and, if they do not, Mr. Solomon Lucas did) to have been the regular, authentic, every-day costume of a Troubadour, from the earliest ages down to their final disappearance from the face of the earth. All this was pleasant, but this was as nothing compared with the shouting of the populace when the carriage drew up behind Mr. Pott's chariot, which chariot itself drew up at Mr. Pott's door, which door itself opened and displayed the great Pott accoutred as a Russian officer of justice, with a tremendous knout in his hand—tastefully typical of the stern and mighty power of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and the fearful lashings it bestowed on public offenders.



"Bravo!" shouted Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass from the passage, when they beheld the walking allegory.

“Bravo!” Mr. Pickwick was heard to exclaim from the passage.

“Hoo—roar, Pott!” shouted the populace. Amid these salutations, Mr. Pott, smiling with that kind of bland dignity which sufficiently testified that he felt his power and knew how to use it, got into the chariot.

Then there emerged from the house Mrs. Pott, who would have looked very like Apollo if she hadn't had a gown on, conducted by Mr. Winkle, who, in his light-red coat, could not possibly have been mistaken for any thing but a sportsman, if he had not borne an equal resemblance to a general postman. Last of all came Mr. Pickwick, whom the boys applauded as loud as any body, probably under the impression that his tights and gaiters were some remnants of the Dark Ages; and then the two vehicles proceeded toward Mrs. Leo Hunter's, Mr. Weller (who was to assist in waiting) being stationed on the box of that in which his master was seated.

Every one of the men, women, boys, girls, and babies, who were assembled to see the visitors in their fancy dresses, screamed with delight and ecstasy when Mr. Pickwick, with the brigand on one arm and the Troubadour on the other, walked solemnly up the entrance. Never were such shouts heard as those which greeted Mr. Tupman's efforts to fix the sugar-loaf hat on his head, by way of entering the garden in style.



The preparations were on the most delightful scale, fully realizing the prophetic Pott's anticipations about the gorgeousness of Eastern fairy-land, and at once affording a sufficient contradiction to the malignant statements of the reptile Independent. The grounds were more than an acre and a quarter in extent, and they were filled with people! Never was such a blaze of beauty, and fashion, and literature. There was the young lady who “did” the poetry in the Eatanswill Gazette, in the garb of a sultana, leaning upon the arm of the young gentleman who “did” the review department, and who was appropriately habited in a field-marshal's uniform, the boots excepted. There were hosts of these geniuses, and any reasonable person would have thought it honor enough to meet them. But, more than these, there were half a dozen lions from London—authors, real authors, who had written whole books, and printed them afterward; and here you might see 'em walking about like ordinary men, smiling and talking—ay, and talking pretty considerable nonsense too, no doubt with the benign intention of rendering themselves intelligible to the common people about them. Moreover there was a band of music in pasteboard caps, four something-ean singers in the costume of their country, and a dozen hired waiters in the costume of *their* country—and very

dirty costume too. And, above all, there was Mrs. Leo Hunter in the character of Minerva receiving the company, and overflowing with pride and gratification at the notion of having called such distinguished individuals together.

"Mr. Pickwick, ma'am," said a servant, as that gentleman approached the presiding goddess, with his hat in his hand, and the brigand and Troubadour on either arm.

"What! Where!" exclaimed Mrs. Leo Hunter, starting up in an affected rapture of surprise.

"Here," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Is it possible that I have really the gratification of beholding Mr. Pickwick himself?" ejaculated Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"No other, ma'am," replied Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low. "Permit me to intro-



duce my friends—Mr. Tupman—Mr. Winkle—Mr. Snodgrass—to the authoress of 'The expiring Frog.'"

Very few people but those who have tried it know what a difficult process it is to bow in green velvet smalls, and a tight jacket, and high-crowned hat; or in blue satin trunks and white silks; or knee-cords and top-boots that were never made for the wearer, and have been fixed upon him without the remotest reference to the comparative dimensions of himself and the suit. Never were such distortions as Mr. Tupman's frame underwent in his efforts to appear easy and graceful—never was such ingenious posturing as his fancy-dressed friends exhibited.

"Mr. Pickwick," said Mrs. Leo Hunter, "I must make you promise not to stir from my side the whole day. There are hundreds of people here that I must positively introduce you to."

"You are very kind, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick.

"In the first place, here are my little girls; I had almost forgotten them," said Minerva, carelessly pointing toward a

couple of full-grown young ladies, of whom one might be about twenty and the other a year or two older, and who were dressed in very juvenile costumes—whether to make them look young or their mamma younger Mr. Pickwick does not distinctly inform us.



"They are very beautiful," said Mr. Pickwick, as the juveniles turned away after being presented.

"They are very like their mamma, sir," said Mr. Pott, majestically.

"Oh you naughty man," exclaimed Mrs. Leo Hunter, playfully tapping the editor's arm with her fan (Minerva with a fan!).

"Why, now, my dear Mrs. Hunter," said Mr. Pott, who was trumpeter in ordinary at the Den, "you *know* that when your picture was in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy last year, every body inquired whether it was intended for you or your youngest daughter, for you were so much alike that there was no telling the difference between you."

"Well, and if they did, why need you repeat it before strangers?" said Mrs. Leo Hunter, bestowing another tap on the slumbering lion of the Eatanswill Gazette.

"Count! count!" screamed Mrs. Leo Hunter to a well-whiskered individual in a foreign uniform who was passing by.

"Ah! you want me?" said the count, turning back.

"I want to introduce two very clever people to each other," said Mrs. Leo Hunter. "Mr. Pickwick, I have great pleasure in introducing you to Count Smorltork." She added in a hurried whisper to Mr. Pickwick—"the famous foreigner—gathering materials for his great work on England—hem!—Count Smorltork, Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick saluted the count with all the reverence due to so great a man, and the count drew forth a set of tablets.

"What you say, Mrs. Hunt?" inquired the count, smiling graciously on the gratified Mrs. Leo Hunter; "Pig Vig or Big Vig—what you call—lawyer—eh? I see—that is it. Big Vig"—and the count was proceeding to enter Mr. Pickwick in his tablets as a gentleman of the long robe, who derived his name from the profession to which he belonged, when Mrs. Leo Hunter interposed.

"No, no, count," said the lady, "Pick-wick."

"Ah! ah! I see," replied the count. "Peek—Christian name; Weeks—surname. Good—ver good. Peek Weeks. How you do, Weeks?"

"Quite well, I thank you," replied Mr. Pickwick, with all his usual affability. "Have you been long in England?"

"Long—ver long time—fortnight—more."

"Do you stay here long?"

"One week."

"You will have enough to do," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling, "to gather all the materials you want in that time."

"Eh, they are gathered," said the count.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"They are here," added the count, tapping his forehead significantly. "Large book at home—full of notes—music, picture, science, poetry, poltic—all tings."

"The word poltics, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "comprises in itself a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude."

"Ah!" said the count, drawing out the tablets again, "ver good—fine words to begin a chapter. Chapter forty-seven. Poltics. The word poltic surprises by himself—" And down went Mr. Pickwick's remark in Count Smorltork's tablets, with such variations and additions as the count's exuberant fancy suggested or his imperfect knowledge of the language occasioned.



"Count!" said Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"Mrs. Hunt!" replied the count.

"This is Mr. Snodgrass, a friend of Mr. Pickwick's, and a poet."

"Stop," exclaimed the count, bringing out the tablets once more. "Head, poetry—chapter, literary friends—name, Snowgrass; ver good. Introduced to Snowgrass—great poet, friend of Peek Weeks—by Mrs. Hunt, which wrote other sweet poem—what is that name?—Fog—perspiring Fog—ver good—ver good indeed." And the count put up his tablets, and, with sundry bows and acknowledgments, walked away, thoroughly satisfied that he had made the most important and valuable additions to his stock of information.

"Wonderful man, Count Smorltork," said Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"Sound philosopher," said Mr. Pott.

"Clear-headed, strong-minded person," added Mr. Snodgrass.

A chorus of by-standers took up the shout of Count Smorltork's praise, shook their heads sagely, and unanimously cried "Very!"

As the enthusiasm in Count Smorltork's favor ran very high, his praises might have been sung until the end of the festivities if the four something-eat singers had not ranged themselves in front of a small apple-tree to look picturesque, and commenced singing their national songs, which appeared by no means difficult of execution, inasmuch as the grand secret appeared to be that three of the something-eat singers should grunt while the fourth howled. This interesting performance having concluded amid the loud plaudits of the whole company, a boy forthwith proceeded to entangle himself with the rails of a chair, and to jump over it, and crawl under it, and fall down with it, and do every thing but sit upon it, and then to make a cravat of his legs, and tie them round his neck, and then to illustrate the ease with which a human being can be made to look like a magnified toad—all which feats yielded high delight and satisfaction to the assembled spectators. After which the voice of Mrs. Pott was heard to chirp faintly forth something which courtesy interpreted into a song, which was all very classical and strictly in character, because Apollo was himself a composer, and composers can very seldom sing their own music or any body else's either. This was succeeded by Mrs. Leo Hunter's recitation of her far-famed Ode to an expiring Frog, which was encored once, and would have been encored twice if the major part of the guests, who thought it was high time to get something to eat, had not said that it was perfectly shameful to take advantage of Mrs. Hunter's good nature. So, although Mrs. Leo Hunter professed her perfect willingness to recite the ode again, her kind and considerate friends wouldn't hear of it on any account; and the refreshment-room being thrown open, all the people who had ever been there before scrambled in with all possible dispatch. Mrs. Leo Hunter's usual course of proceeding being to issue cards for a hundred and breakfasts for fifty, or, in other words, to feed only the very particular lions, and let the smaller animals take care of themselves.

"Where is Mr. Pott?" said Mrs. Leo Hunter, as she placed the aforesaid lions around her.

"Here I am," said the editor, from the remotest end of the room; far beyond all hope of food, unless something was done for him by the hostess.

"Won't you come here?"

"Oh, pray don't mind him," said Mrs. Pott, in the most obliging voice. "You give yourself a great deal of unnecessary trouble, Mrs. Hunter. You'll do very well there—won't you, dear?"

"Certainly, love," replied the unhappy Pott, with a grim smile. Alas for the knout! The nervous arm that wielded it with such gigantic force on public characters was paralyzed beneath the glance of the imperious Mrs. Pott.

Mrs. Leo Hunter looked round her in triumph. Count Smorltork was busily engaged

in taking notes of the contents of the dishes; Mr. Tupman was doing the honors of the lobster salad to several lionesses with a degree of grace which no brigand ever exhibited before; Mr. Snodgrass, having cut out the young gentleman who cut up the books for the Eatanswill Gazette, was engaged in an impassioned argument with the young lady who did the poetry; and Mr. Pickwick was making himself universally agreeable. Nothing seemed wanting to render the select circle complete, when Mr. Leo Hunter, whose department on these occasions was to stand about in doorways and talk to the less important people, suddenly called out—

“My dear, here’s Mr. Charles Fitz-Marshall.”

“Oh dear!” said Mrs. Leo Hunter, “how anxiously I have been expecting him. Pray make room to let Mr. Fitz-Marshall pass. Tell Mr. Fitz-Marshall, my dear, to come up to me directly, to be scolded for coming so late.”

“Coming, my dear ma’am,” cried a voice, “as quick as I can—crowds of people—full room—hard work—very.”



Mr. Pickwick’s knife and fork fell from his hand. He stared across the table at Mr. Tupman, who had dropped *his* knife and fork, and was looking as if he were about to sink into the ground without farther notice.

“Ah!” cried the voice, as its owner pushed his way among the last five-and-twenty Turks, officers, cavaliers, and Charles the Seconds that remained between him and the table; “regular mangle—Baker’s patent—not a crease in my coat after all this squeezing—might have ‘got up my linen’ as I came along—ha! ha! not a bad idea that—queer thing to have it mangled when it’s upon one, though—trying process—very.”



With these broken words, a young man dressed as a naval officer made his way up to the table, and presented to the astonished Pickwickians the identical form and features of Mr. Alfred Jingle.

The offender had barely time to take Mrs. Leo Hunter’s proffered hand when his eyes encountered the indignant orbs of Mr. Pickwick.

“Hallo!” said Jingle. “Quite forgot—no directions to postilion—give ‘em at once—back in a minute.”

“The servant or Mr. Hunter will do it in a moment, Mr. Fitz-Marshall,” said Mrs. Leo Hunter.

“No, no—I’ll do it—sha’n’t be long—back in no time,” replied Jingle. With these words he disappeared among the crowd.

“Will you allow me to ask you, ma’am,” said the excited Mr. Pickwick, rising from his seat, “who that young man is, and where he resides?”

“He is a gentleman of fortune, Mr. Pickwick,” said Mrs. Leo Hunter. “to whom I very much want to introduce you. The count will be delighted with him.”

“Yes, yes,” said Mr. Pickwick, hastily. “His residence—”



“Is at present at the Angel, at Bury.”

“At Bury?”

“At Bury St. Edmunds, not many miles from here. But, dear me, Mr. Pickwick, you are not going to leave us? Surely, Mr. Pickwick, you can not think of going so soon?”

But long before Mrs. Leo Hunter had finished speaking Mr. Pickwick had plunged through the crowd and reached the garden, whither he was shortly afterward joined by Mr. Tupman, who had followed his friend closely.

“It’s of no use,” said Mr. Tupman. “He has gone.”

“I know it,” said Mr. Pickwick, “and I will follow him.”

“Follow him! Where?” inquired Mr. Tupman.

“To the Angel, at Bury,” replied Mr. Pickwick, speaking very quickly. “How do we know whom he is deceiving there? He deceived a worthy man once, and we were the innocent cause. He shall not do it again, if I can help it; I’ll expose him! Where’s my servant?”

“Here you are, sir,” said Mr. Weller, emerging from a sequestered spot, where he had been engaged in discussing a bottle of Madeira which he had abstracted from the breakfast-table an hour or two before. “Here’s your servant, sir. Proud o’ the title, as the Living Skellinton said ven they show’d him.”

“Follow me instantly,” said Mr. Pickwick. “Tupman, if I stay at Bury, you can join me there, when I write. Till then, good-by!”

Remonstrances were useless. Mr. Pickwick was roused, and his mind was made up. Mr. Tupman returned to his companions, and in another hour had drowned all present recollection of Mr. Alfred Jingle or Mr. Charles Fitz-Marshall in an exhilarating quadrille and a bottle of Champagne. By that time Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, perched on the outside of a stage-coach, were every succeeding minute placing a less and less distance between themselves and the good old town of Bury St. Edmunds.



VILLIAM DELL.

BY G. P. WEBSTER.



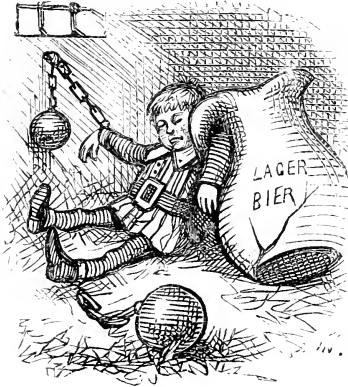
Old Villiam Dell he lif
 Ub in dose moundain high—
 Ven dyrands ub dere game,
 He shood dem in de eye.
 Of all dem Switzer poy,
 Dell's bow it vas de best ;
 Und many dime he go
 Oud do dem scheutzenfest.

Dell hab von leetle poy ;
 He send him oud von day
 Do py von quard ob peer,
 Und zay, "You no mus schtay."
 Der leetle poy no gum,
 Und Dell he vas zo dry,
 Und zo he go oud, doo,
 Do vind dem reasons vy.





Old Gesler he vas looze,
 Und no could vind der vay ;
 He make von awvul schream,
 "I loss! I loss!" he zay.
 Und den der poy he gum,
 De dyrand holler zo,
 Der poy he zay "Hush ub ;
 I knows der vay do go."



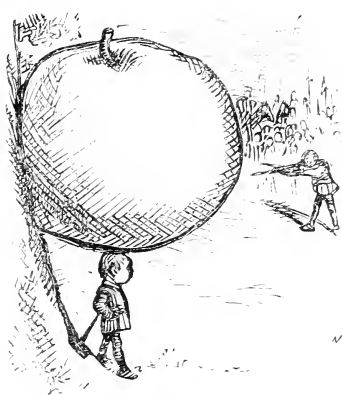
Dose poy he valks along ;
 Ole Gesler foller town ;
 Und zoon de dyrand zay,
 "Aha ! I zee de down.
 Zo poy you go mit me."
 Der poy zay, "No, mynheer ;
 I go strade back," he zay ;
 "Mine fader vant dat peer."



"You fader is von reb,"
 Der groeel dyrand zed ;
 "I cud ride off your head,
 Und den you vill go dead."
 Der poy he no did gry,
 He no did durn him bale :
 Und ven dey gome zer down,
 De poy he go to chail.



Und Dell zoon he find out,
 All pout de leetle poys ;
 Den he pegin to schwear,
 Und make zo pig a noise.
 Und den he take von pow,
 Und dake zwei arrow doo,
 Und go ride troo de doun,
 Do ze vat he can to.

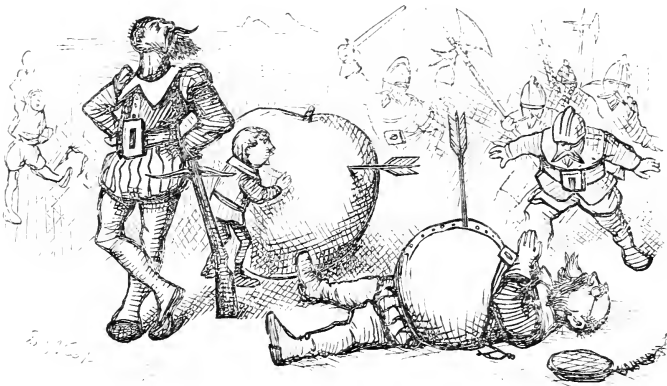


“I vants mine leetle poy,”
 Dell do der dyrand zed;
 Und Gesler he say “No;
 I cud off both your head.
 I geepts you now,” he zay,
 Und den he vas zo glad;
 Und all de dime Dell schwear,
 Begause he vas zo mad.

Und Gesler den he zay,
 “I vants zum leetle vun;
 I puts von apple now,
 Der poy his head upbon.
 Und ven you shoot dem off,
 Dat poy he go mit you;
 Und ven you hit dem not,
 You knows vat I vill to.”

Dose poy he schtand zo schtill,
 He never vink his eye;
 Den Dell he bend dat pow,
 Und led ein arrow fly.
 He shood dis appel off,
 Zo zhure as he have eyes;
 Ad any scheutzenfest
 Dat shot vould take von brize.

Den Dell he pent his pow
 Again ub to his eye,
 Zo fast as he could go,
 Und let dose arrow fly.
 Und den dere vas a schream—
 Dat dyrand he vas hit;
 Dat arrow it stuck oud
 Rile from his stomache pit.



RATES OF POSTAGE.

DOMESTIC.



POSTAGE ON LETTERS and sealed packages within the United States and Territories is 3 cents for each half ounce or under, and 3 cents for each additional half ounce or fraction thereof, prepayment by postage-stamps required. "Drop" or local letters, 2 cents per half ounce at offices where letter-carriers are employed, and 1 cent per half ounce at offices where there are no letter-carriers.

On pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers, magazines, handbills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, book manuscripts, proof-sheets (corrected or not), maps, prints, engravings, blanks, and cards, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof, to be prepaid by postage-stamps. Packages of the above

must not exceed *four pounds* in weight. Manuscripts intended for publication in newspapers, magazines, and periodicals are chargeable with *letter postage*.

On flexible patterns, sample cards, phonographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes and wrappers, plain and ornamental paper, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, and scions, 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof, to be prepaid by postage-stamps. Packages of the above must not exceed *twelve ounces* in weight.

On books, 2 cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof, to be prepaid by postage-stamps. Packages not to exceed *four pounds* in weight.

On samples of metals, ores, minerals, and merchandise, 2 cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof, to be prepaid by postage-stamps. Packages not to exceed *twelve ounces* in weight.

Any dry article of merchandise (sample or not) can be sent by mail at 2 cents per two ounces, if not over twelve ounces in weight, and not from its form or nature calculated to injure the contents of a mail-pouch. No writing other than the address must be connected with such a package.

On newspapers, periodicals not over two ounces in weight, and circulars, *when deposited in an office where letter-carriers are employed*, for delivery by that office or its carriers, the postage is 1 cent each; but on periodicals weighing over two ounces, when so deposited in a letter-carrier office, the postage is 2 cents each. These rates must be prepaid by postage-stamps.

POSTAL CARDS, on which messages, orders, notices, and other short communications may be printed or written in pencil or ink, may be procured at any post-office, at a cost of 1 cent each, and can be sent through the mails without further charge.

Liquids, chemicals, poisons, articles liable to injure the contents of the mail-bags or the person of any one employed in the postal service, and all obscene books, prints, and publications, are *excluded from the mails*.

All packages of mail matter not sent at letter rates (except seeds) must be so wrapped or secured that their contents can be conveniently examined by postmasters, otherwise they will be charged *letter postage*.

POSTAGE ON NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS TO REGULAR SUBSCRIBERS (*payable quarterly in currency either at the office of mailing or of delivery*).—When published daily, 35 cents per quarter; six times per week, 30 cents; tri-weekly, 15 cents; semi-weekly, 10 cents; weekly, 5 cents. When published *less frequently than once a week*, the following are the quarterly rates: *Semi-monthly*, not over four ounces, 6 cents; over four and not over eight ounces, 12 cents; over eight and not over twelve ounces, 18 cents. *Monthly*, not over four ounces, 3 cents; over four and not over eight ounces, 6 cents; over eight and not over twelve ounces, 9 cents. *Quarterly*, not over four

ounces, 1 cent; over four and not over eight ounces, 2 cents; over eight and not over twelve ounces, 3 cents. Payment must be made for not less than one quarter, and the quarter (three months) paid for may *begin at any date*, it not being necessary, as was formerly the case, to pay to the end of an *official* quarter.

Postage on printed matter to CANADA and other British North American provinces can only be prepaid to the boundary-line.

DOMESTIC MONEY ORDERS are issued at any money-order post-office in the United States, payable at any other money-order post-office, in sums of not more than fifty dollars. Larger amounts can be sent to the same person by additional orders. RATES: On orders not exceeding \$10, 5 cents; over \$10 and not exceeding \$20, 10 cents; over \$20 and not exceeding \$30, 15 cents; over \$30 and not exceeding \$40, 20 cents; over \$40 and not exceeding \$50, 25 cents.

FOREIGN MONEY ORDERS.—At the principal money-order post-offices in the United States (including all the larger post-offices), money orders, payable at money-order post-offices in Great Britain, Ireland, and Switzerland, may be procured at the following rates: On orders not exceeding \$10, 25 cents; over \$10 and not exceeding \$20, 50 cents; over \$20 and not exceeding \$30, 75 cents; over \$30 and not exceeding \$40, \$1; over \$40 and not exceeding \$50, \$1 25. (Orders can also be obtained on Germany at rates which can be ascertained at any of the principal post-offices in the United States, but which had not been officially promulgated at the time of the preparation of this table.)

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.—All letters remaining uncalled for thirty days in a post-office after being advertised, are sent to the Dead Letter Office, except letters bearing a request to return to the writer if not called for within a specified time, and letters bearing the name and address of the writer on the outside. Such letters are not advertised, and are not sent to the Dead Letter Office, but are returned direct to the writers. The use of "request" envelopes is recommended to the public.

FORWARDING LETTERS FREE.—Prepaid and free letters are forwarded from one post-office to another, at the request of the persons addressed, without additional postage. But a letter which has been once delivered to an authorized person can not be remailed to a new address without the prepayment of additional postage. Drop letters, when forwarded by mail to another post-office, are chargeable at 3 cents per half ounce on delivery. No mail matter except letters can be forwarded to a new address except on prepayment of postage by stamps at regular rates.

REGISTERED LETTERS.—Letters can be registered to any part of the United States and Territories on payment of a registration fee of 15 cents; to Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, West Indies, and Panama, on the payment of a fee of 8 cents; to Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, on payment of a fee of 5 cents; and to the principal countries of Europe, and certain ports and cities of Asia and Africa, on payment of fees varying from 8 to 17 cents. All registration fees must be paid by stamps, and the postage on all registered letters must also be prepaid in full by stamps. The public are desired by the Post-office never to send money or valuable articles in unregistered letters. Postmasters at *all* post-offices are obliged to register letters when requested to do so.

FOREIGN.

[The * indicates that unless the letters are registered, prepayment is optional; in all other cases it is required.]

FROM THE UNITED STATES TO	Letters not over ½ oz.	News-papers.†	Book-Packets and Prints, 4 oz.	Patterns or Samples.	Registered Letters.
BRITISH PROVINCES.—Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia (if unpaid, 10 cents).....	*6	2	‡	4 oz.	5
NEWFOUNDLAND.—(If over 3000 miles, 15 cents).....	10	2	V
VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.—(If unpaid, 10 cents).....	*6	2	‡
<i>Europe.</i>					
Great Britain and Ireland.....	*6	2	§	§	8
[Rates on book-packets, patterns, and samples, prepayment compulsory.—Not over 1 oz., 2 cents; over 1 oz. and not over 2 oz., 4 cents; over 2 oz. and not over 4 oz., 6 cents; 6 cents for each 4 ounces or fraction thereof.]					
Denmark, via North German Union direct.....	*9	6	F	10	8
Denmark, closed mail, via England.....	*10	7	F	12	8
Sweden, via North German Union direct.....	*10	8	G	11	8
Sweden, closed mail, via England.....	*11	9	G	13	8
[Small newspapers under 2 oz., 7 cents each, by closed mail, via England.]					

FOREIGN POSTAGE.—Continued.

FROM THE UNITED STATES TO	Letters not over ½ oz.	News- papers.†	Book- Packets and Prints, 4 oz.	Patterns or Sam- ples.	Regis- tered Letters.
Norway, via North German Union direct.....	*11	8	G	11	8
Norway, closed mail, via England.....	*12	9	G	13	8
[Small newspapers under 2 oz., 7 cents each, by closed mail, via England.]					
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Prussia and N. G. Union, including all the German States, Austria and Hungary, direct mail, via Bremen and Hamburg	*6	3	C	6	8
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Italy, North German Union direct.....	*10	6	E	9	8
Italy, North German Union closed mail, via England.....	*11	7	E	11	8
France, open mail, via England.....	*4				
France, direct mail.....	10	2	V		
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Spain, closed mail, via Bremen or Hamburg.....	12	7	G†	11	8
Portugal, via England.....	16	8	B	B	16
Gibraltar, ".....	16	4	B	B	16
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<i>This Table shows rates not mentioned in the above Table, referred to by letters B, C, etc.</i>	Not over 1 oz.	Over 1 oz. and not over 2 oz.	Over 2 oz. and not over 4 oz.	Each additional 4 oz. or fraction thereof.
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I—.....	2	4	8	8
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